FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1838. VOL. VIII. Nº 9.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 14th—THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE, and other entertainments.

MONDAY, April 16—Last night but two of Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Brough's engagements. THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE—and THE CARD PARTY.

TUESDAY, April 17—Mr. HILL'S BENEFIT.

WEDNESDAY, April 18—Last night but one of Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Brough's engagements. THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE—and THE DEW DROP, &c.

THURSDAY, April 19—First night of LA PETITE AUGUSTA'S Engagement. THE DEW DROP, or THE SYLPHIDE: The Sylph, La Petite Augusta.

FRIDAY, April 20—MADAME CARADORI ALLAN'S BENEFIT.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. Jr., Esq., of Franklin, T., is informed that his new subscribers and remittance duly came to hand. The pedigrees alluded to in his letter shall be published whenever furnished. He has our warmest thanks for his exertion in our behalf.

Miss Louisa Missouri, "the New Candidate," *is* a half sister of Miss Clifton.

We have not room this week for an article proposing that in all Sweepstakes throughout the country, the rule shall be imperative that each subscriber shall put up his subscription in current money of the State in which the race is run. In the meantime, any suggestions on the subject will be gladly received.

Admiral's memoir has *not* come to hand.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—We have heard the new opera of *The Siege of Rochelle*, and hasten to express our opinion of its excellence and its success at the Park. It was brought out on Monday evening to a full and very fashionable house; it appeared to have been very maturely prepared for the stage, the whole company being more at home in the music than we usually find them in a new opera. The first effect of the music was not very striking; we thought the audience seemed somewhat disappointed. They did not appear to seize upon it, to adopt it with facility. It was too readily compared with the last opera produced on the same boards by Mrs. Wood, the ever beautiful *Sonnambula*, of which the delicious harmony is far more simple and obvious—as indeed the whole opera is in a higher style of excellence. On Wednesday evening the new opera had a better chance, it was far better understood and appreciated, and the applause was more judicious and yet oftener bestowed than on Monday, although two prominent parts were by no means so well sustained the latter evening as the former.

To designate particularly all the passages which we deem praiseworthy requires too much space; it must suffice to instance a few. The opening chorus is one of the most charming things in it, and it was sung the first evening with great effect. The audience, however, seem better pleased with the next chorus of *Vive le Roi*, which has been encored each night. It is indeed very clever, and its brilliant movement may be detected in many other parts of the opera, pervading it with its spirit at once romantic and martial. But we cannot stay to write of choruses till we have said one word of praise for the scene in the abbey. The music is irresistibly sweet and melancholy. It is difficult to point out the precise passage which is most touching; but Mr. Jones deserves all credit for the effect he gave to the scene in which he contemplates the pictures of his "murdered boy" and of "Clara;" one can never forget the beauty of the lines—

> "Sweet, look! thus clothed in innocence—
> Oh Clara! Clara! is it thou?"

And then the silver toned Caradori breaks forth in her divinest power in notes so plaintive and so heaven-like, that they will forever haunt our memory

> "Like some forgotten melody
> Which sweetly thrills, and thrills with woe."

A scene so touching, a passage of music so beautiful would redeem any opera, however dull. But this is immediately followed by the quartette with Michel and Marcella, to which we can do no other justice than to repeat our admiration.

Madame Caradori opens in a cavatina which we do not find set down for her in the opera itself; but it is very brilliant, and gives full development to her voice. We wished to say a word for the fine quartette, " "*Hark! the matin bells are chiming*," but are admonished, by want of room, to conclude. Great strength has been given to the company by the services of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, both musicians, and the latter a very pretty woman, besides. Mr. Brough, who is deservedly a favorite on and off the stage, sustains a very effective part, and has already given vogue to the ballad "*My Love and Cottage, near Rochelle*," which, however, has hardly yet made an impression upon our minds; we must hear it again. We will instance but one song more, and that is the sweet and fanciful air in which Caradori describes the murder of Valmour's child. She executes it in a style essentially simple and plaintive.

This opera has the advantage of a very tolerable plot, which, if a little better developed in the earlier scenes, would render it somewhat effective as a play. On Monday evening it concluded with a very brilliant scenic display, which, but for the huge, dense smoke which succeeded, would have drawn down the house. On Wednesday evening the fireworks were entirely omitted. The poetry, too, is vastly superior to the ordinary operatic drivelling, and the soft music is not unfitly associated with sundry sweet lines, which it is destined to embalm in the memory of a thousand listeners.

Though forced to abridge what we wished to say of the *Siege of Rochelle*, we must yet find room to commend the pretty Miss Wells, who appears to the greatest advantage in a pas de deux, introduced in the first act. She is improving very rapidly, and is already often and warmly applauded, for the grace and elegance of her movements. With constant effort on her part, and such encouragement as the audience are sure to bestow, we shall soon have a *petite Augusta* of our own, as pretty and attractive as the little Philadelphia pet, who appears to have brought all the press into her influence.

Hill, the Yankee, has just returned from a grand "*speck*" all along shore, from Cape Cod to the Balize, where he has been peddling his jokes and stories with a success that must excite the admiration and envy of every notion vender in that State of sin and misery, yclept Connecticut, and a leetle more too. He made his bow to his old friends at the Park on Tuesday, and at this present writing, his "Yankee Tricks" may be said to be "in the full tide of successful experiment."

The frequenters of the Park will regret to learn that they are to lose Madame Otto for a season. She sails for Liverpool on Monday, and will carry with her the good wishes of thousands of admirers on this side the Atlantic, acquired by her character in society, and her eminent talents as a vocalist.

The National.—The indisposition of Miss Missouri has prevented a repetition of the new drama this week. It is to be performed on Tuesday and Wednesday evening next, for the benefits of Mr. Hamblin and the Authoress. It is understood that on Friday Miss Missouri will appear in Knowles' *Julia*, or *Beatrice*, for her own benefit, when we trust to see her greeted by "troops of friends."

Mr. Vandenhoff has been playing "Cardinal Woolsey," to Miss Wheatley's "Queen Katherine," in *Henry VIII.*, with great effect here. We regret to have been absent, for we are assured on all hands that it was a most brilliant performance. For his benefit (it was a bumper) Vandenhoff played "Luke," in the revived play of *Riches*, and the first three acts of Henry VIII. The great attraction of "the New Candidate" so nearly eclipsed the star "made of sterner stuff," that we are glad his friends were not unmindful of his benefit. The fact will be readily accounted for in theatrical circles when we state, that the receipts on the nights of Miss Missouri's five performances amounted to near $7000. By the by, Mr. Barker, a clever artist, has sketched a spirited likeness of her as *Alice Darvil*, in the 2d act of "Ernest Maltravers;" it is already in the hands of Endicott, whose lithographic press has become so celebrated, and will be got up with the utmost taste and finish.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, Edited by "Boz."—2 vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

We have read but the first half of the first volume of this new book. Thus far it is very gay, but by no means sparkling with the wonted humor of the great artist of the Pickwick Papers. The style is very peculiar, simple, and quaint, and droll, and we anticipate much luxurious comfort for the coming week, from its promising future. A capital book is it to take up after dinner,—as one's dessert should be; it is light, yet racy, and vastly preferable to anything the gourmand picks up at Delmonico's or Blancard's.

Popular Medicine; or *Family Adviser*, consisting of outlines of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with such hints on the practice of Physic and Surgery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, as may prove useful in families where regular physicians cannot be procured; being a companion and guide for intelligent principals of Manufactories, Plantations, and Boarding Schools, Heads of Families, Masters of Vessels, Missionaries or Travellers; and a useful sketch for young men about commencing the study of Medicine. By Reynell Coates, M. D., &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 1838.

There, we have given all the titles of this great, well-printed, good-looking octavo, of 615 pages, except alone the honorary degrees of the author, which would take near a column. As we are no dealer in simples, though many will fain believe so, we shall express no opinion of the work.

The Code of Honor, or Rules for the government of Principals and Seconds in Duelling.—By John Lyde Wilson.

We have received the above entitled pamphlet from its distinguished author, Gov. Wilson. The rules are drawn up in the most formal, code-like manner, but throughout are characterized by as much of the spirit of humanity as can be infused into a code of honor.

Foreign Reviews and Magazines.—We have upon our table a goodly number of Mr. Lewer's re-publications, brought out well and seasonably. His press must be extremely active. The *London Quarterly* for January, as also the *Westminster* for the same month, *Blackwood* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, by "Boz," for Feb., are all at hand, and, indeed, have been for a fortnight. The whole series is worthy of support, and we anticipate great national advantage from the extensive circulation of a class of foreign literature so superior to the ordinary re-publications from the English press—fashionable novels, and scandalous chronicles.

New Music.—It will be gratifying, perhaps, to J. H. W., Esq., our Quebec correspondent, to learn that his beautiful *Boat Song*, originally published in the Spirit of the Times, has been twice set to music—first by John H. Hewitt, Esq., of Baltimore, and more recently by Mrs. G. L. Poindexter, of New Orleans, to whose politeness we are indebted for a copy. Mrs. P. dedicates her barcarole to Mrs. Palmer Smith.

"*My Woodland Bride*" is the title of an admired Ballad by Gen. Morris, which has been wedded to a delightful harmony by Mr. Charles E. Horn, the well known vocalist and composer. Gen. Morris has done us the honor to dedicate this pretty affair to the Editor of this paper, in consideration of which, probably Atwill, of the Music Saloon, Broadway, has published it in a very tasteful and elegant style. It's just like 'em.

Salmagundi.

Short and Sweet.—"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if any body in the crowd will speak for me, I'll *hold his hat*."

One of our exchange papers says that a man in Brighton recently swore such a tremendous oath, that it split his tongue about half an inch.

We have received the "Western Tomahawk and Big Lick Scalping Knife," edited by "Pete Whetstone," at the Warping Bars of the Arkansas river. Subscription price, 40 'coon skins per an., payable in advance. Boston Daily Express.

Horses Carrying Weight.—In what fashion is the great, the paramount question, the faculty of carrying weight, always handled both by buyer and seller in all bargains equestrian? By the latter his merchandise is uniformly eulogised thus—"Look at his power, Sir; only observe what bone he has;" and then the chapman demurs, and urges his deficiency, ending with "he is very light below the knee." When his Majesty George the Fourth was Prince of Wales, and went with fox-hounds, towards the close of his career, it was well known that he was a welter in the extended meaning of the term. At that time his favourite hunter, and the best and safest weight carrier in his stud, was a little thorough-bred horse bought of the Duke of Grafton, called Torbay, but re-dubbed, from his singularly spindle shanks, "Tobacco-pipe." An old groom, who was formerly in his Royal Highness's stables at the Grange, described that extraordinary good little animal to me in these words: "To look at him you would say he was only fit to carry a light young lady round the park; his leg below the knee was not thicker in girth than my thumb."

Sporting Magazine.

George Jones is lecturing at Richmond in defence of the Drama, and has closed a negotiation with the proprietors of the Richmond Theatre, and taken it on a long lease. It will be named the "Marshall Theatre," and will open next October.

Literary and Dramatic.—A new five act play, entitled "The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride," has been produced at Covent Garden Theatre, with extraordinary success. It was reported to be the work of a novice, but its success being complete, the name of the author has been announced as Edward Lytton Bulwer, who was induced to remain *incog* on account of the failure of his "Duchess de la Valliere." Macready personated the hero of the new piece, and Miss Faucit the heroine. It is said that no play since the "Hunchback," of Knowles, has been received with one half the eclat that has distinguished "The Lady of Lyons."

A new tragedy, by Serjeant Talfourd, the author of "Ion," is about to be produced by Macready. The drama must receive very valuable accessions in these two productions of Bulwer and Talfourd. We trust that Miss Tree will not leave the country without lending her talents to the adequate representation at our theatres. Boston Transcript.

Lottery Ticket Anecdote.—In the early part of the reign of George II., the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life. In his box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity.—"As soon as I have received the money I'll marry Grace Farrers; but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it, then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table at one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten, a hot supper of two dishes; if I'm in good humor, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve."

Lounger's Common-place Book.

The American Magazine, for April, just received by the Boston publishers, Otis, Broaders & Co., has a chapter on duelling in which the following anecdotes are related:—

Lord Brudenell ran away with a married lady, who was afterwards divorced, and he married her, but not receiving, as he expected, a challenge from her first husband, he wrote him a note as follows: "Sir: Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances." The reply was this: "My Lord, in taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor that one man can do another; and I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the acknowledgements which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances."

The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman lost a letter of introduction to a Mr. J—— R——, who declined to take his word as evidence of his rank, and did not invite him to dinner. The Baron sent him a challenge, which being left unceremoniously at the door, *Mrs.* R—— opened it, and immediately replied to it as follows: "Sir: Your note is received. My husband will not have any thing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aid-de-camp to Prince Blucher, as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself."

Mary R——."

But the last and best anecdote—if true—is related of a Boston Bachelor—Mr. A., who ten years ago challenged Mr. B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A., who stated that he too had now a wife and child, and he supposed therefore the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted.—The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having then two children also, but his adversary had three.

The matter is not yet settled—the "responsibilities" being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed. Boston Transcript.

Twistifications.—A "mahogany child's chair" was recently advertised for sale; also a "great man's coat," and an "elegant lady's shawl."

Death from the Bite of a Horse.—A Cincinnati paper relates that the keeper of a blood horse, near the Brighton House, a few miles from that city, was instantly killed a few days ago by the horse biting him in the jugular vein.

Wild Horses.—We perceive that a pair of beautiful spotted horses are now to be seen at the stables of the Golden Swan, North Third-street, Philadelphia, which were caught wild by the Camanche Indians. They are said to be now perfectly gentle, both in harness and under the saddle.

Mr. Broad Bevis, the short, stout man.—"Imagine I was a tall chap," said Bevis. "Don't try," responded Sinkum, "you'll hurt yourself, for it's a great stretch of imagination for a little feller to do that"—*Neal's Charcoal Sketches.*

'*Squire Fuller*, a whig member of the Legislature from Lowell, played *Michael*, in the *Adopted Child*, last night at the Tremont, in a manner that elicited much applause. The house was handsomely filled, and Miss Hildreth's Julia was warmly applauded, as it well deserved to be, considering that it was her first attempt to personate the character.

By the death of an uncle at Matanzas, W. I., Mr. Edmond S. Conner, of the Chesnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, comes into possession of a bequest of $65,000.

The late King of Persia had no fewer than 800 wives in his harem; from 150 sons and 150 daughters. His progeny, when he died, amounted to 5,000 souls.

No fewer than seven persons have died of starvation in London during the last few days.

The *Dedham* (Yankee) *Gazette* says, that "sassenges" made of red flannel and potatoes eat very well, but when brown paper is added they are hardly fit for dogs.

Lord Waldegrave (one of the gang of titled blackguards, whose performances have of late attracted so much attention) was fined £5 on Monday, at the Marlborough-street police-office, for aiding, with a prize-fighting ruffian, (Young Dutch Sam), with whom he had been supping, in a wanton attack on a policeman.

Mozart's grand fairy opera of the *Magic Flute* (*Zauberflote*) is to be brought forward at Drury-lane.

There is at present a suit pending in the Court of Common Pleas, brought by Messrs. Storr and Mortimer, jewellers, in Bond-street, against the Hon. G. C. Norton, to recover the sum of £101 11s. 6d., the balance of £229 12s. 6d. (the defendant having paid £128 1s. into court) for goods sold to him and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a portion of which, it is said, were supplied to the lady since her separation from her husband.

Upwards of 800 persons paid at the pit, and more than 1,000 at the box-doors of Drury-lane Theatre on Friday last, to witness Mr. C. Kean's performance.

Mr. Power has been added to the *corps dramatique* of Covent-garden.

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What, drunk again, Sam! I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." No massa; *same drunk*, massa, same drunk, replied Sambo.

There are eight million of Protestants and five million Catholics in Prussia. There are eight thousand Catholic priests, and one hundred and sixty thousand Jews.

Sutherland, the rebel Anglo-Canadian *General*, was a compositor in a printing-office six months ago.

The Young Ladies' Young Gentleman.—This young gentleman has several titles. Some young ladies consider him "a nice young man," others "a fine young man," others "quite a lady's man," others "a handsome man," others "a remarkably good-looking young man." With some young ladies he is "a perfect angel," and with others "quite a love." He is likewise a charming creature, a duck, and a dear. The young ladies' young gentleman has usually a fresh colour, and very white teeth, which latter articles, of course, he displays on every possible opportunity. He has brown or black hair, and whiskers of the same, if possible; but a slight tinge of red, or the hue which is vulgarly known as sandy, is not considered an objection. If his head and face be large, his nose prominent, and his figure square, he is an uncommonly fine young man, and worshipped accordingly. Should his whiskers meet beneath his chin so much the better, though this is not absolutely insisted on; but he must wear an under waistcoat and smile constanty.

Never ask Questions in a Hurry.—"Tom, a word with you."—"Be quick, then, for I'm in a hurry."—"What did you give your sick horse t'other day?"—"A pint of turpentine." John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day.—"Well, Tom."—"Well, John, what is it?"—"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."—"So it did mine."

Dress.—The following anecdote, illustrative of the advantage sometimes to be derived from gaudy apparel, is from a late number of the Virginia Advocate. While Mr. Rives, the American Minister, resided in Paris, General Wool, the Inspector General of the United States Army, being on a tour of observation in Europe, expressed a desire to visit the Tuileries. Mr. R. readily consented to introduce him at the next Levee. But when General W. arrived at the Hotel of the American Minister, on his way to the palace, Mr. R. was astonished at the splendor of his dress and trappings, which, added to a fine person, made a very imposing display. On his name being announced in the audience chamber, with his title of Inspector General of all the Armies of the United States, (the gay courtiers were probably not aware of the extent of the American Peace Establishment, 5000 men, scarcely sufficient to guard the King's person from the machinations of assassins,) the richness of his Court dress, and the splendor of his epauletts and feathers, immediately attracted the eyes of the whole Court. Indeed, the Inspector General was evidently the lion of the evening, and was soon seen in close confab with the citizen King.

The next day General W. again called on Mr. Rives, equipped as before, and said he was on his way to dine with the King, and asked Mr. R. if he was not going also. Mr. R. not being invited, never before having heard of a stranger dining at the Tuileries, assured General W. he had been quizzed. But he replied there was no mistake in the matter, for Louis Philippe had invited him himself. It then appeared that General W. had informed the King of his intentions to set out in a few days for Antwerp, for the purpose of examining the fortresses and Dock Yards there, and that his Majesty having a similar visit in contemplation, proposed that they should travel together; and in order to become better acquainted before they set out, invited General W. to dine with him next day. In this case at least nothing was lost by fine dress and splendid trappings. Mr. Rives, whose unostentatious dress and diminutive proportions were so completely eclipsed by his more happy countryman, was left to eat his own ragout, and drink his own wine solitary and alone at his own Hotel.

It is very right that there should be newspapers suited for every rank in life.—There is a newspaper which particularly relates to prize-fighters and the general congregation accompanying them; and we are free to confess, as a great orator used to say, that the information it contains is well adapted to its patrons. We were, last week, assured that "the thigh of a man is no part of his leg." Henceforth the question will never be mooted among the uneducated; and if any unfortunate character, who has not, like Dogberry, the gift of reading and writing by nature, should read our paper, we beg to assure him that the head of a man is no part of his tail.

The will of the late Earl of Eldon proves him to have been not devoid of gratitude. He has left an annuity "to his favorite dog Pincher" of £8, to buy him food. The bequest need hardly excite much wonder, since it was by the aid of "*Pinch*-her that he was enabled to accumulate his vast property, though it is not a *dog* of that name that we allude to. When money is heaped up as in the case of the late Earl, there is generally a *pincher* in the family.

"The Marquis, I suppose, concludes the evening with a glass?" asked Sir Rae Reid of the Governor. "No," rejoined Curtis, "he mostly finishes with a *tumbler*."

It is perfectly clear that Miss Moore, in her proposed union with Lord Glenelg, can have no other object in view than to secure for life the attentions of a *sleeping* partner.

Mac-ready's performance of *Mac*-beth is best illustrated, critically, by Duncombe, who styles it an act of *self*-murder.

Dr. Elliston, in accounting for his conversion to the raging humbug of animal magnetism, remarked to a friend, that one night, in order to test its effects, he tried it on his cook. "And what was the result?" asked the friend. "The result!" exclaimed the learned doctor, "why that, in addition to being highly delighted, she turned on her side immediately after the operation, and went fast asleep!"

"Bad house at the Garden to-night," quoth the *corporal*, as he entered the coffee-room at the Garrick. "That is nothing new I believe," rejoined Planche, "*bad houses* were formerly very common in that quarter, but have surprisingly increased within the last few months!"

Whenever Melbourne leaves Downing-street to meet his still devoted Caroline, it is an invariable custom with him to say to his secretary, as he uses, "I shall be in soon."

"Mrs. Norton still continues her visits in South-street, I hear," remarked Lady Anne Beckett to Mr. Leicester Stanhope. "Ah!" exclaimed the gentle Lady Anne, "lovers will come *together*, in spite of the calumny of the world."

Lord Holland, bantering Glenelg on his supposed views of matrimony, asked how he could dream of entering into that state with the knowledge of the bitters attaching to it. "Pooh!" responded Glen, "*bitters*, you know, give one an appetite." A gouty twinge prevented the crutched peer continuing the conversation.

"I understand," said the Queen to Melbourne, "that the secret of Glenelg's somnolency is at last out—and that he is in love." "Yes," remarked the Premier, "he has been playing the part of Cupid." "And he has done it to the life," added Victoria, "for the God of Love is said to be blind, which accounts for Glenelg never keeping his eyes open." The laughter of Melbourne at this sally was so loud, that had he been in the room it might almost have awakened the subject of it.

A PART SUPPORTED.

Now Kean appears at Drury-Lane,
  With troops of friends his fame to trump,
Bunn rests his hopes, and not in vain,
  On *Hamlet's* run and *Richard's hump!*
The latter *part*, 'tis very plain,
  Kean doth successfully *sustain*.

When a man attains to a certain venerable age, he is supposed to be capable of absurdities of which he is guiltless in his earlier years. Thus, an intention of marrying Miss Stephens, the singer, is attributed to the old Earl of Essex, although it is obvious that the venerable Earl can have no possible occasion for a wife.—His taste, however, leans decidedly to the musical, and the *airs* of the lady have been long known to possess charms for the aged innamorata, even during the lifetime of the Countess.

Sheridan Knowles and Miss Elphinstone, his theatrical *protege*, are playing with considerable success at Edinburgh, in *The Love Chase*. T. P. Cooke has also lately sustained some of the favorite characters, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of the "gude town."

Our Virgin Queen.—All the rumors which have been put forth in reference to the probability of the Queen's marriage, may now be regarded as valueless.—We have received the following information from the most authentic source. Her Majesty gave an audience to the Master of the Mint last week, that he might submit to her Royal inspection and consideration the new coinage, which it had been proposed should be issued. Among other pieces he showed her Majesty a gold one, and expatiated upon its beautiful design and execution. "What do you call it?" asked the Queen—"A double Sovereign, please your Majesty," was the reply. "While I live," exclaimed the Queen," this country shall have no Sovereign but one that is *single*." Lord Melbourne soon afterwards entered, when the Queen repeated her observation, adding, with a winning smile for the Premier,

"I have no idea of two heads
——— Cooing and billing
Like William and Mary on a shilling."

How long her Majesty's resolution will last, we cannot of course undertake to say.

The Press in South America.—In South America there are altogether 133 newspapers, of which 25 are published in Brazil. Of these the advertisements form the most interesting and curious part. If an honest citizen forgets to accept an invitation or neglects to visit his friends, he is sure to see his negligence reproved in the *Pueblo* or the *Sol:* or if one who has borrowed a book forgets to return it, his memory will receive a fillip by seeing the subject noticed in the *Diario*, with hints that if the book is not quickly returned the name will be published. The greater part of these journals are so badly printed that it is almost impossible to read them, and, in this respect cannot compete with those of North America, which rival, without disadvantage, even the English newspapers by the beauty and clearness of their typography.

A Brighton Trifle—A dashing young gentleman, who has lately figured at all the fashionable assemblies at Brighton, and who took a prominent part at the recent grand Bachelors Ball, at the Old Ship, has been recently pounced upon by sheriffs officers, and conveyed to durance vile, for having "out-run the constable." We understand that he is most respectably connected, and the circumstance of his arrest has produced quite a sensation in the fashionable circles at Brighton. Gambling transactions are said to have led to his difficulties, in which a veteran officer is deeply involved.

Doing the Amiable.—A gentleman named Cornwallis, living in Cecil-street, Strand, on coming out of the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, was accosted by a young man, respectably attired, who informed him that his handkerchief was partially hanging out of his pocket, adding that one of the numerous pickpockets skulking about the neighbourhood would no doubt soon possess himself of it. Mr. Cornwallis thanked the young man, and they walked together for some time conversing on indifferent subjects. On reaching the corner of the Strand and Cecil-street, Mr. Cornwallis wished his communicative friend good night. On arriving at his lodgings, he found that his coat pocket had been most dexterously cut by some sharp instrument, and every article it contained was extracted—viz., his silk handkerchief, a red morocco pocket book, in which were two 5*l.* notes, a volume of Byron's works, and a valuable opera-glass. No doubt could be entertained but that the robbery was effected by the young fellow who had *disinterestedly* cautioned Mr. Cornwallis against pickpockets, and who, in the opinion of an experienced police officer, must have been a thief of the first water, from the style in which the pocket of the coat had been cut.

Fact Not Generally Known.—Although the bare idea of drowning a fish may appear to the mass an utter absurdity, the thing is not only possible but easy. It is true fishes are perfectly helpless when out of their element, and will not drown when afloat if left to the guidance of their own instinct; but if a grilse, salmon, or trout, or in short any other species of fish, when newly taken from the net, is held with its tail up and its snout down the stream, it drowns, we understand, almost immediately. The experiment has often been tried, and, but that a thump on the head is easier, would be resorted to by piscators, for the purpose of putting finny captives to death.—*Dumfries Courier*. [Were it not for the risk of the salmon escaping, it would be well to drown them all after they are taken; for it is a well-known fact that the thump on the head tends very much to deteriorate the quality of the fish.]

We may expect that Lord Melbourne will shortly be brought again before the public touching his frequent visits to the Queen. We read the following piece of news:—"*Lambing* season has commenced, and, notwithstanding the severity of the season, goes on prosperously." If this is not a direct allusion to his lordship we are very much mistaken; and we must intreat the great Thunderer to interfere, and to take care of the morals of the Court. If his lordship establishes himself so comfortably in the cold season, what will be the consequence when the dog days come?

Husbands are not always the jealous-pated, unreasonable beings they are represented—a fact which received a striking illustration at Union Hall on Tuesday.—John Burgoyne was charged with "darting out of his bedroom upon a married lady, a lodger of his, and taking her up in his arms, carried her into his chamber and threw her on his bed." The lady, fortunately extricated herself without further mischief being effected, the defendant assuring her that he did it "only by way of fun." It seemed that the husband of the assaulted lady, who had been informed by her of sundry liberties the defendant had been in the habit of taking with her, viewed them as only "a little harmless fun" also; but the last occurrence was too much even for his forbearance, for he said he thought "it was going too far with the joke." It did not appear, however, that he knew precisely how far "the joke" had already gone. The man was evidently a philosopher, and "trifles," which would excite a storm of jealousy in weak minds, were with him as "light as air." He cared nothing about the "fun" his wife might think proper to indulge in—he only regarded facts, though fun like that described by the penny-a-liners is usually followed by facts of an alarming description.

The dressing-room used by Lord Ellenborough during the time that he lived with the frail and neglected Janet, was one which no one entered but himself and valet. A kind friend of his ran to him in breathless haste one night that he was at the House of Lords, and exclaimed with great perturbation—"I have just seen a man creeping in at one of the dressing-room windows." "Which dressing-room window was it? to the right or left?" eagerly inquired his lordship. "The left hand one," replied his friend. "Oh! simpered his Lordship, "you almost frightened me—it is only Janet's boudoir."

SPORTING.—BY NIMROD.

In the last number of the Sportsman we briefly enumerated the illustrations contained in this interesting volume, and at the same time promised a further notice of it in some future page of our publication; the favorable opinion we then somewhat hastily expressed of it is fully borne out by a more attentive perusal of its contents, and the "Ass Race," from the pen of Thomas Hood, Esq., of Comic Annual Notoriety, is one of the best productions of that humorous and *Comic* writer that it was ever our fortune to peruse; we have given it entire, as we conceive our readers will thereby be enabled to form their own opinions of the general merits of the volume, which is indeed in every respect worthy of the distinguished ability of its popular editor. Nimrod will ever be "*in at the death*," while such productions as these are to be found in volumes under his editorial control. The embellishment of "The Ass Race" (engraved by Englehart, in his best style,) is from the pencil of Gainsborough, and forms an admirable accompaniment to the subjoined article, which we are of opinion will be read with pleasurable emotion, as the subject appears to us to be thoroughly understood by the author, whose admirable *comicalities*, having become proverbial, further notice of them will be deemed unnecessary. Of the external appearance of the volume we have already spoken, and conclude by wishing the publishers the sale of many editions, which their spirited conduct may with justice be said to entitle them to, and which the high character of the work in reality merits.

THE ASS RACE.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Thou did'st run, Jack."—PRINCE HAL.

It is not without serious misgivings that I propose to throw on the annals of sporting a new light, which will dazzle very offensively in the eyes of those who have a regard for the turf. The ghost of O'Kelly seems prophetically to cast a shadow across the paper, whilst Fancy forestalls the indignant frowns of the noble Richmonds, Graftons, Exeters, and Fitzwilliams, who have honored the high-mettled racer with their patronage. Sam Chifney mans a rush at me,—Boyce prepares to punish me. I consider myself lashed by all the six different whips with which ***** won the same identical Derby! The very horse lifts its foot for my behoof; and I feel, by anticipation, the cholic that must ensue from a cold plate applied to the pit of the stomach. Moral courage, however, will not be denied; and accordingly, in spite of O'Kelly, and the Jockey Club of Sam Day and the Derby Day,—of all whips and all spurs to boot,—in spite of the spite of iron shoes, and at the risk of being put under the turf by those upon it, I must declare to win with the following opinion: viz., that, whatever may be the antiquity of horse-racing, ass-ditto came in before it by many lengths.

There!—I'm off!—and, methinks, I hear all the clamor that such an *ass*ertion must necessarily excite. The uproar about the Grand Stand, when all are aiding and a-betting in the noise, is a whisper to it! The mob hoot, as when a stray dog has profaned the space between the cords. The betting-ring closes round me, like a circle of Mohawks, with a prisoner at the stake. The judge wishes he was a criminal judge for my sake; and the clerk of the course tenders the use of one of the ropes, with a promise to see me "well up at the end." Every horse becomes a roarer with indignation; the grooms threaten to exorcise me; and the stable-boys, one and all, commend me to a severe heat in a place I will not mention to ears polite. Even the pickpocket bellows, "Duck him!" and the thimble-rigger cries "Shame!" It cannot be helped! There is no reason to believe that the notion just started is a false start; and nothing, therefore, is left for me but to get away from the rush, and make play as well as I may.

Ass-racing, then, is, according to all appearance, the old original sport. At what particular date it originated, is involved in obscurity; but there is good ground for placing it, as the donkey-rider seats himself, very far back. Taking it for granted that riding preceded racing, the animal first broken in to the saddle was unquestionably the ass. I cannot help feeling that such a bit of news must be as "a bit of the raw" to the gentleman who, as the illustrator of the turf, the chase, and the road, has acquired such a triple celebrity under the name of Nimrod; it must be *shagreen* indeed to him to be told that his great namesake, the first mighty hunter on record, rode to cover—if he did not use Shank's naggie—on a clever Jack, instead of a clever hack; and threw his leathers—if he wore leathers—across an animal called (out of delicacy, I will use *as*terisks) an ***. Such, however, was the case. In the ancient Egyptian sculptures we find no trace of a mounted cavalier, though ass-men and mule-men both occur; from which we may fairly infer that the use of the horse for riding was unknown. The employment of the ass for the same purpose, at a very remote period, is, on the contrary, certified by the evidence of Scripture. It is expressly stated that Abraham "saddled his ass," preparatory to his journey with Isaac to the mount of sacrifice: whereas, the "horse and his rider" make their first appearance among the host of Pharaoh, at the passage of the Red Sea. It is also remarkable, that the ass is mentioned in the Tenth Commandment as a property likely to be coveted, whilst the horse is passed over in silence; and, again, it is twice named, with the same omission of the nobler animal, in the enumeration of the possessions of Abraham. "He had sheep," we are told, "and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels." It may safely be assumed, then, that in the patriarchal times, the animal in question had the call of the horse, though he now has nothing but a bray.

The primitive ass was, however, a very superior creature to the degraded, degenerated brute, the Jack-of-all-trades we now see on commons, about the streets, or, as the Scotch would call it, ganging his lane; that is to say, in a lane with a gang of gypsies. He has lost caste: he is a *pariah*—a despised, forlorn drudge, without rest to the sole of his foot; a proverb and a byeword, with "suffering for the badge of all his tribe,"—in short, the Jew amongst quadrupeds. Yet, formerly, he was High and Jack, and he is now Low and Jack, in the game of All-fours. We must not take our notion of him from such shaggy Ursa-minors as Moreland delighted to paint; or the like of those which Gainsborough has depicted in the plate annexed to this article; no, nor even from Number Forty-seven, "the beautiful zebra" which had the honor of carrying Mrs. Trollope at Ems. The ancient ass was a noble animal, second only to the horse; a nob, so to speak, and not a snob. Instead of toiling under sacks of scouring-sand, he scoured the desert himself, free and wild as those early Sandemanians the Arabians; and quaffed at will at its watering-places, without the dread of a back-*fair* of fat and forty oppressing his lumbar processes. When he did lend a back, it was to princes and rulers of the people. "Speak," exclaims Deborah, "speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." Kings even disdained not to bestride him,—he was F. R. S. as well as A. S. S. in his own right. As for his going, instead of no pace at all, or only one picked up on *Crawley* common, he was swift of foot, as Job's witnessess; so much so, according to some authorities, as only to be overtaken by successive relays. And now let me ask, was such a flier likely to "waste his *fleetness* on the desert air?"

The probability is, rather, that his running capabilities were very early called into play. From riding to racing is but a stride; and the antiquity of some kind of trial of speed is beyond a doubt. The race is alluded to in the sacred writings, as not belonging to the swift; and supposing the expression to refer only to foot-races, although it is by no means clear that such is the case, nothing could be more natural than for men who had personally competed in speed, to indulge the same spirit of emulation by proxy. They would instinctively be led from backing themselves, to pit their respective animals against each other; indeed, so innate is this propensity, that the locomotive powers of birds, as well as beasts, and even of vermin, have been employed for its gratification. Races of ostriches and camels are recorded by eastern travellers; and, if my classical reminiscences be correct, there have been swimming-matches between tame fish. Coursing is as the name implies, only a race by dogs; and the air has been made a race-course, as well a a course of post, for carrier-pigeons. In default of such or better competitors sporting men have been known to back a wood-louse, or stand upon a maggot and the Russians have (or had) a betting-ring of their own, in the shape of a circle on a board, whereon certain nameless insects are started from the centre to race to the circumference. The propensity has even been attributed, in terms, to thing inanimate: thus we hear of a mill-race; a particular Rapid in the Channel is calle the Race of Portland, and a certain point of land is named the Start. A spirit o such *raciness* in man would be sure to be soon employed to give a relish to hi pastimes; he would take, as naturally as a sky-lark, to standing on his bit of turf and if we grant the institution of the sport in the patriarchal ages, the entries the world's first *Leger* were undoubtedly donkeys. Mounted on a favorite blo ass, of unrivalled bottom, without blemish or stain, and fleet as the winds, wh more natural than for the exulting rider to chant loudly the praises of the dese born that bounded under him? And what more likely than that some young fro some companion, a rival perhaps in other matters, returned him boast for boa citing the pedigree and performances of his own thoroughbred? On such occ sions a challenge to run is inevitable; and no doubt many such matches were ma and came off; whilst currency being scarce in those days, bets were even offere and taken in Jerusalem *ponies*.

Calculating, then, all the chances of the argument, it is the Allied Sovereigns t parish pound, that to the ancient sportsman a race with an ass was as common a a run with a jack to a modern troller. Like all other popular amusements, how ever, it appears to have undergone its vicissitudes. It was superseded by hors racing in Rome and Greece, where the Olympic games were instituted for four-year olds, while donkey racing was abandoned to the lower orders. That paltry co the *Ass*arium, so called, probably, from being the money most current on the course, sufficiently indicates the class of its frequenters; for the celebrated ass Apuleius, surnamed the Golden, might be called so rather in reference to tawny color of its skin, than to the value of the stakes or the metal of the cu had carried off. But this chapter in the annals of ancient sporting is partic meagre. All we know with certainty is from Euclid, that there was a Pons As norum, or ass's bridge, for every donkey to get over at the beginning of the cou

On coming nearer to our own times, and pursuing the inquiry on English grou every doubt begins to clear up. And here it is that I have most reason to appre hend the resentment of all persons who pride themselves on owning, breeding, training, running, trotting, walking, sitting, or standing, or throwing somersets on horses. I am well aware of their prejudices, and how rudely they must be shock by the mere mention of a donkey as a racer; while, to aggravate the affront, th will conjure up on one hand the figure and action of a Mameluke or a Priam, a on the other the shape and going of as abject a neddy as ever staggered unde brace of costermongers. They will contrast the pace of the Colonel, or Fleur-d Lis, with the crawl of the hanimal wot carries wedgeables; and think of the g rious hoof of Eclipse, set in precious metal, along with the inglorious one never in anything, unless a plug. They will fancy the proud snort and laughing neig the wide-nostril'd blood-horse; and then the snub-nose of the ass droning to w Wordsworth calls "the dry see-saw of his horrible bray." They will do all th they *do* do all this—and the tumult revives! The grand stand won't stand it. T noble jockeys aim their club at me! Tattersall prepares to knock me down; Gulley doubles his invincible fist, and swears that I shall wear his colors. T ladies, even, who have lost or won gloves on a favorite, forget their gentle natu and suggest horsewhips! Herring turns a red-herring with rage; and Coop grasps his maul-stick! Not a farmer who has ridden his cocktail for a Hunter or Yeomanry stakes,—not a boy who has been jockey at a poney race; but lo to ride over me and back. I am, in fancy, cobbed, Suffolk-punched, hack colted, and nagged at—horsed and flogged—rubbed up and rubbed down—Bu and Bishoped. I am posted—railed at and roped! It is enough to make mo courage itself a Levanter: but truth must not be frightened from her propriety we allow any weight to etymology, aud surely so mature a science ought to ca more than a feather, we must give in to the irresistible conviction that two of o principal race-grounds were originally devoted to asinine contests. Nor is the occasion for any such torturing Procrustean process as that by which some o antiquarians have docked, or let out syllables, or topsy-turvey'd them altoge to suit a theory of their own. The simple doubling a consonant in one case— its restoration rather, for as people "drop a line" they may easily drop a lette and a very moderate allowance for popular verbal corruption in the other, will s fice to lead to the above conclusion. It is only necessary to read *Ass*-cot Ascot, and to restore Donkey-stir from Doncaster, to obtain at once two names striking significance as to the original purposes of those celebrated localities. R nimede, or more properly *Runny*-mead, is equally open to speculation. It is c tainly suggestive of some sort of races, long prior to the Magna Charta sta being run for on the spot: and we may reasonably infer that they were contem rary with, and of the same nature as, those of the two great meetings in B and Yorkshire. Indeed, there is collateral evidence to support as clear a ca perhaps, as was ever established by etymological deduction. For instance, a mere substitution of one vowel for another will give us *Jackey* club in lieu of Jockey club; the word *ass*ay, implying *a trial of metal*, speaks decidedly to the point; and as for the Judge of *Ass*ize, that functionary, in pronouncing on hum necks, at his present post, has clearly bolted out of his course.

Taking for granted, then, that what are now called Meetings were forme *Ass*emblies, there is room, in the absence of circumstantial information, for mu curious speculation. The antiquities of sporting, in truth, present a wide fi which has never been thoroughly beaten; and as regards ass-racing, it has ev dently never been drawn at all. It would be interesting to learn who were most distinguished patrons, long, long *years* ago, of the Thistle Stakes, or Bray Stakes, or whatever else they might be christened—what was the extent their studs,—and which were the favorite breeds. A few well attested pedigre would be valuable documents; a list of nominations could not but be a treat; a card of the running asses, with the colors of the riders, would be a prize inde The following particulars would also be worth knowing. Imprimis: The ma mum price of a crack. How the animal was trimmed—if cropped, nicked or docked,—and what was the fashion of a blood tail. If he showed at the Warren and, considering his native stubbornness, whether he was brought to the post, or the post was brought to him. In what manner he was started—whether with th Shakspearian, "Away, away, you are an ass!"—or by a simple "Go it, Ned The amount of stakes; and the penalty for crossing and jostling. The scale weights—probably extending to hundredweights, as the animal is known to liv a century—and when he was considered aged. If "Jack and Jill ran up the hil at Epsom indiscriminately, or there were separate days for the sexes. In how many minutes they ran the D. M. or Donkey Mile. If the *sweep*stakes were ri den by climbing-boys, and what was the costume—tops or *jack* boot—with whi or cudgels. The correct betting phraseology—for instance, whether the favo was backed against the *field* or against the *common*—in short, a thousand littl particulars which will naturally suggest themselves to a sportsman disposed to t back on the subject.

There now remains only one question to discuss, and that is, the propriety of reviving the ancient sport. For my own part, I must acknowledge a strong opi nion, that it is as worthy of public and private patronage as the more popular pas time. I know the unpalatableness of the notion—that a balling-iron will hardly make it go down with man or horse;—there is a general *neigh* from the one, and an universal groan from the other,—to every upturned nostril it seems *Asey fœtida* Still, as an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I feel bound to urge it. I has always been considered a most patriotic work to breed colts and fillies ex pressly for the course; and whenever our national sport has been censured, o the score of the gambling, dishonesty, and cruelty attached to it, the evils of th practice have been held to be more than counterbalanced by the great improveme in the breed of horses. To apply the same argument to the ass, where shall we, where *can* we find an animal offering more room for improvement, whether i figure or pace? In fact, during the South Sea mania—(and some useful scheme originated from it—witness the Royal Exchange Assurance)—there was actually a project for importing asses from Spain, to better the native stock. Had it been carried into effect, the establishment of Donkey Races would most probably hav ensued; and by this time we might have seen Childerses and Eclipses, little inf rior in speed to the owners of those celebrated names. A distinguished naturalis indeed, in treating of the mule, has mentioned "a race between a horse and a ass," but, unfortunately, without stating which was the winner. Nor would it b safe to decide upon conjecture—an ass, it must be remembered, takes a great dea of beating. Pace, however, ought not to be the sole consideration. To some sportsmen, the speed of greased lightning, *in vacuo*, seems to be a desideratum; they would fain have fliers, that only Cowley's Post-Angel could jockey; but perhaps, as much swiftness as is desirable or possible is already attained; and as far as the improvement of the breed is concerned, these great horse exhibitions might be abandoned, as his Grace of Bedford gave up the cattle-show, when oxen were fat enough. To a large class, indeed—the spectators—the pace is already too good. I have heard a foreigner complain, at Epsom, that the race was ove whilst he was wiping and putting on his spectacles; and it is a very common out cry with parties not professed betters, that the winning-post was passed before the wagers could be agreed upon. The natural consequence is, for the excited spir of speculation to seek out other channels, and thus encourage the modern knigh of the garter, the thimble-riggers, and the red and black knaves of *rouge-et-noi* It would be quite otherwise with ass-racing. The looker-on would have a me instead of a snatch; and the tyro, in wagering, would find time, not merely t back, but to hedge, and if he thought proper, lay it on again during the progress a heat. Even the mature scholar, more rapid at his book, would find one induce ment to lay out his money in the comparative certainty of fair play. The notorio tricks practised on the race-horse, such as making him a clothes-horse for dam linen, or giving him oxalic acid, by mistake, for Epsom salts, have before now di gusted the patrons of racing; nay, driven some of them from the turf; whilst t tender constitution of the animal, the susceptibility of his lungs, and the tickli ness of his legs and feet, are enough of themselves to keep a backer in the state of a Margate packet, with its sixty horse power of vibration. What an awful sound is the cough of a colt to his supporter, who knows too well, that in spite of all the old women, that putting the colt's foot in its mouth will not cure it! The noise of a roarer is as terrific to him as the voice of a lion; and a little high-blowing acts on his nervous system precisely as it does on the leaves of an aspen. With what enviable serenity, on the contrary, may a gentleman "keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack!" Bating *ass*nick, as some call it, he is as safe as the Bank. His life is what Mr. P. Farren, a great authority on *ass*urance, would emphatically pronounce a good one. He is as hard as nails. He will bolt a Scotch thistle, nay, a bundle of nettles with a hedge-hog amongst them, without a wheeze; and as to colds, a laundress might rough-dry the monthly wash of a ladies' boarding school on his loins. To crown all these advantages, must be added the facility of the sportsman's having a stud of his own; a luxury, as regards horses, which requires a princely revenue for its support. The comparative expense would be hundreds for thousands; and there are scores of public-spirited country gentlemen in every county of England who might aspire to keep a racing-stable, and thus assist in the regeneration of a quadruped, at once cheap, useful, hardy, enduring, and of great capabilities as to expedition. The "Exclusive" spirit of the patrons of such genteel things as the Drawing-room stakes, would be sure to set itself against the introduction of the ass on the course. He has, unfortunately, the character of being low and underbred; and, accordingly, ranks with the "unwashed" of the human species; he would be thought as much out of place amongst race-horses, as a professor of "*hops* in pockets," from the Borough, beside the *gallopers* of Almack's. It would be well, however, to remind such aristocratic personages, that though now an *Emigre*, and under a cloud, the quadruped in question, under the most *ancien regime* in the world, belonged to the animal *noblesse*, the steed being, in comparison, but a *parvenu*. The regular record of his paternal ancestry, as well as of his maternal Jenny-alogy, is indeed not extant; but the circumstance only proves—and many human commoners might console themselves with the same inference—that his family is older than the Herald's College. That it was a highly distinguished one is vouched for by the historical facts, that his name has been worn by monarchs and princes as a title of honor. Hamor, the cognomen of a Hivite noble, signifies an Ass; Mirvan, the last Khalif of the Ommiades, was surnamed Hemar, after the same animal; and Baharam, king of Persia, bore also the addition of Jowr, or the Wild Ass. A stud-master ought not to lose sight of these sponsorships in naming his stock; for the reciprocity principle would justify his adoption of even regal titles. There is reason, indeed, to believe that the modern appellation of Donkey was derived from a certain Don John, Prince of *Ass*turias, afterwards familiarised as Don Jackey, and thence, by abbreviation, Donkey. At all avents, he was a grandee, and should figure as such in the nominations. To a few of the entries, a literary interest might be attached, by borrowing the names of popular characters from novels, or even the titles of the books themselves,—*e. g.*, Mr. Hook's "Jack Brag," or Monsieur Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin;" in short, any other names that have had a run. The first experiment might then be safely and quietly made at any of those sea-side resorts, where, sanctioned by fashion, the *coaster*monger rides, as unabashed as a *coster*monger on an ass. By favor of the proverbial dulness of watering-places, the establishment of Donkey-races would, probably, be hailed as a public benefit, as not only extending the range of amusements, but also promoting health, by supplying a new racing, bracing pastime in the open air. Moreover, the spirit of speculation, or gambling, if it must be called so, would turn with alacrity from the eternal raffle, and backing a mere numeral, to taking the odds against a sleek, well-bred, high-conditioned favorite: while the ladies, at least, would be well content to see the chance determined by the skilful, perhaps graceful riding of a good-looking gentleman-owner, in smart tops and leathers, a handsome zebra-silk jacket, and jockey-cap. The public mind thus prepared, at Margate or Ramsgate, for the novelty, the next step would be Brighton, where by proper management the stewards of the course might be coaxed to admit a Long-Ear stakes, by way of *entremet*. amongst the *vol-au-vents* of their bill of fare. Such an "infusion of new blood" would perhaps tend to give interest even to a good day's sport; but it might be booked to enliven a dull one, for, *at any rate*, an ass-race would be as attractive as one of those matches between fifth and sixth rate horses, which country gentlemen are so apt to get up over a bottle of *slow*-juice. It could not fail to produce what might be called jockeylarity—an article often much needed to give a fillip to those sadder and wiser men, who feel, like Peter Bell, that they have "done" what they ought not to have done. To such over-weighted spirits, a Donkey-race would be as good as a touch at the Claret or Champagne; and many a face that might win the Doleful Stakes by a good length, at remembering the pull-up of Cock-sure, at the distance-post, would relax into a candidate for the shorts, while recalling how *Ass* of Trumps set off at a kicking pace,—had it all his own way, and came in, tail foremost, as full of running as a crackt pitcher!

It would be a national disgrace—a reproach to the public spirit of merry England, if a sport which holds out such serious and comic advantages, should fail to be established on our Turf. But Hope promises better things. The prophetic spirit descends upon me, and lo! the scene changes. The noble members of the Jockey Club are wearing their blandest smiles. The Legs forget that they ever had any kicking in them. The two Sams volunteer to ride; and a distinguished individual, decorated with the Order of the Thistle, pledges himself to give a plate. It is June, 1838! and a mob, outswelling any that ever mustered on Epsom Downs, is clustered on Ascot Heath. The bell rings—the course is cleared—and they're off! The riders are in fancy-dresses, and the Venetian Carnival, with its horse-racing, is a funeral to it for fun! Here they come!—there they go! The crowd closes behind them,—and what a shout rends the welkin, and then a flourish, as of *braying* trumpets. Easy! Hee—zy! Holloa! holler! huzza! hooraw! heehaw! Bravo, donkeys! Hasses for hever! I distinguish every cry, and Fancy even forestalls the report of the *Times* to come.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

(BY EXPRESS.)

The ASSYRIAN STAKES, 5 sovs. each, h. ft.; 22 subs. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Carnaby's h. a. Shamble,—pepper and salt body, sky-blue sleeves, red cap	1
Mr. Hawker's s. a. Sabionniere,—drab. whity-brown sleeves, ditto	2
Mr. Suttaby's h. a. All-up,—black, black cap, with brass plate in front	3

The (London) Sportsman for Feb., 1838.

WESTWARD HO!

SPORTING SKETCHES OF AMERICA.

> "Then farewell, England *Old!*
> If evil times ensue,
> Let good come to us,
> We'll welcome them to *New*."
> *The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam*, 1678.

"A pretty object in the landscape is yon distant browsing cow," observed John Smith to Peter Brown, as they jogged quietly along in company—history saith not whence nor whither.

"Cow!" exclaimed Brown, "why, man, that is a hog."

"A hog! well, may be it *is* a hog," replied Smith; "you know I am not learned in *geography*."

What in the name of wonder would Smith, in his homely ignorance, have thought of the Hudson River? or in what quarter of the globe would he have supposed it to be, if he had only heard the quaint and queer medley of names given to places on its banks? From its meanderings beneath Glen's-falls and Snooks-kill, it would seem to his obedient fancy (wandering with the words) to run riot all over the known world. It winds beneath Mount Ida and "Captive Troy;" touches at Kinderhook, Cat's-kill, Rhinebeck, and Hyde-park; washes Antony's nose and Fish-kill; hurries past Parry-Town, Sing-Sing, and Dole's-ferry; sporting with the ancients; hob-nobbing with the moderns; visiting Turkey, Kamschatka, and England; peeping into China and Holland; shewing an inclination for Italy and Egypt, with a decided *turn* for the Russian Empire and Greece; and finally, amid the relics of those primitive Indians, among whom its name and knowledge first began, expanding into the beautiful and far-famed bay which bears upon its bosom the greater portion of the maritime power and wealth of the infant Hercules of the West.

Loudly have the beauties of New-York Bay been proclaimed by the trumpet of Fame, from the mouth of the mighty Hudson, yet the report has sounded faintly and indistinct through the distance, over the waves of the Atlantic; but to the sea-tossed landsman who hails this, the first land, after an irksome and monotonous voyage, the opening view of New-York Bay possesses charms, besides its own individual beauties, which render it more pleasing to the eye than the first peep of flowers in Spring. I shall "cry back," now, somewhat in my course, in order to sketch that scene for the special edification of those who have not witnessed it themselves, and for the gratification of re-producing in the mind a sensation which cannot but be pleasing, and have a "front place" in the memories of all who have.

"Land on the lee-bow!" hailed the second mate from his perch on the main top-sail yard. "Land on the lee-bow!" echoed the black cook, hanging in the mizen shrouds, and catching at a batch of fugitive salt fish which swung merrily in the breeze. "Land on the lee-bow!" trumpeted the captain down the cabin sky-light, and all hands were soon mustered on deck, peeping through all sorts of telescopes, and straining their eyes in the direction of the promised land in vain—for though very evident to those who were accustomed to sea-sights, it was as yet invisible to the inexperienced. The dim line, at first only perceptible to the eye of the seaman, in a short time became distinctly visible above the horizon, and a right pleasant sight it was to one and all. The sun was rolling down the slope of heaven for the forty-seventh time since we had parted from the cliffs of Britain, when a foreign land first dawned on our longing eyes; and yet, although but little indebted to a good voyage for forgetfulness, it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that nearly seven weeks had really rolled away since we had taken our last fond look of home. Trite as is the proverb, "Tempus fugit," no where is the old fellow's wing so fully plumed as when he shakes it over the head of land-lubberly humanity at sea. The face of time at sea, is like a silent clock without hands, where nothing strikes or points to mark the departing day. The present hour hurries after that which is gone, in monotony as undistinguished as the rolling billows of the ocean, until it blends with the immaterial nothing of yesterday—at once a copy of the past and a type of the future.

The sun is now shining bright and beautiful upon another morning; the wind is fair, and the gallant ship bounds gaily on her course; the pilot is a-board; the point of Sandy Hook is past, and now the Narrows, those portals of the Western World, are opening wide before her. In front is the Channel of the Narrows, guarded by forts, and backed by the blue hills of Staten Island; while far away to the right extends the bold coast of Long Island, clothed in a livery of green, relieved by patches of cultivation, bespangled with elegant villas and columned pavilions. The glowing sun is reflected brightly from the snow-white walls and shining tin roofs; but his rays are darted in vain on the gloomy forests that crown the heights and fringe the mountain foot, clad in their sombre cloak of pine and fir, with a plentiful under-growth of hemlock. In these we see the glories, the novelties, the antiquities of the Western World,—in her forests, her seas, her soil. Tower and temple, arch and lofty column fall, and pass away; but while the monuments of art are crumbling into dust, Nature grows young again, and renews her strength. The small church-spire, as we near the coast, peeps forth from its nest in the wilderness, and this, his best and simplest, is oftentimes the only mark of man. To all who stand and gaze for the first time upon a new country, thoughts manifold and new, present themselves; but withall so confused as to become most difficult of analization. Of the spirits of most of our great discoverers on such occasions, we are told that joy was the predominant compound; yet with them all, a shadow was cast over the land which lay before them, from that which they had left.

Who can quit his home careless? No one. It matters not how, or for what period; if soon to return, or never;—to the rich, the poor, the happy, the outcast, the friend loved, the forsaken, the pleasure-seeking lounger, or the wretch who flies from misery and want; to all, home is, and ever will be, home! Dangers are to be encountered, difficulties overcome, ere, if ever, the beloved objects shall greet our eyes again; and according to the lapse of time, we may miss many whom we were used to know, and look in vain for some we have long loved. This train of ideas sprung up like mushrooms in the moonshine, beneath the fostering influence of a first view of New-York Bay, and certainly no other scene is calculated to bring so many, or so varied thoughts into the mind at once. "Merry and wise," however, is my motto; "Vive la Bagatelle!" Fun is the sweetening of man's mixture; laughter the lump of sugar in the world's cup of bitters; mirth and merriment the flowers that yield the purest honey in the field of life; and I must own that when the New World dawned upon mine eyes, my first thought was that I should cull from these a rich and fanciful nosegay. In no way wiser than my neighbors, I had hitherto trusted to all that I was told about America, and that, in my case, had been by no means a little. To my then untutored ideas, there was no creature on earth one half so funny or fantastically original as the genuine Yankee, nor was there any tune that to my unsophisticated ears sounded so droll as "Yankee Doodle." Under the former appellation I, in common with my fellow know-nothings, was wont to class all sorts of people from Maine to Mexico. The sea-serpent had twisted his tail all round about the states; and we only knew the New Yorker and the New Orleanois, the Vermont boy, and the Vicksburger, under one and the same comprehensive character.

We all give figures of our own imagining to those things of which we have often heard, though we have never seen them, and color them as our better knowledge may direct, or oftener as our vivid fancies may suggest. Who then, may I ask, is there of all the mighty host of tarry-at-home travellers, who has not exercised his fancy to the utmost in this respect, and formed to himself, from all that he has heard and read, an impersonation of his own ideal Yankee? Who has not pictured to himself the long-sided, lanky, leggy loafer? A tall, gaunt, stark, stiff, awkward slip of humanity, in a dirty shirt, supporting a broad brimmed hat, with a shoe-ribbon around his neck, and his high cheek-bones and lantern-jaws shrouded in an appalling wilderness of collar; a waistcoat displayed with noble neglect, seedy buttonless breeches of a dingy drab, and top-boots tied up to his knees with string. The list of his qualifications is of a piece with his appearance; he is supposed to be an adept at a "*do;*" sharp enough to skin a flint with a hand-saw, and able to make the hide into flannel waistcoats; a rogue by instinct, and ex-officio a perverter of time; an assassin of facts, stretching the truth from an inch narrow to an ell broad; an amphibious dare-devil, half horse, half alligator; a notion-vender, a falsehood-monger, a dealer in wooden nutmegs; sly as a fox, supple as an eel, and keen as a weazel; in brief, all that is dirty, deceitful, and to be despised. Now all this might have been excusable enough, had things been otherwise than they really are, or had old Father Time stopped short in his onward flight and remained until now, as in the year of our Lord 1691.

On one fine day of June, in that year, the good ship called the Blessing of the Bay, set sail from Sandy Hook bound to the eastward from the Old World, laden with a promiscuous cargo of peltries filched from the Indians, and passengers who had made their wills, kissed their wives, and taken leave of their relatives, before they perilled their bodies on the unknown seas. The wind was fair, and the vessel made such good progress, that on the second day the passengers became aware of the fact that they had really lost sight of land; whilst at the same time, a strange sail hove in sight to seaward. This was so rare a sight in those seas then, that the eyes of all were quickly turned from their distant homes to the stranger ship, which bore directly down towards them, displaying as she drew near a clumsy Dutch-built hull, patched sails, and yards ill trimmed; while her foul and barnacled sides, seen as she rolled, gave evidence of a long voyage from a distant land. The ships were shortly within hail, and the noble captains stood each on his own quarter-deck, trumpet in hand, and lessons ready learned.

"Ship a-hoy!" first bellowed Peter Wellbeloved, the cunning master of the Yankee schooner.

"Holloaw!" replied the skipper of the laboring Dutchman.

"What's your ship's name?" inquired Peter.

"Die Goede Vrouw," echoed Captain Tenderbroek.

"Where are you from?"

"Amsterdam."

"Where are you bound?"

"Nieuw Amsterdam."

"How long have you been out?"

"A hundred days and odd."

"How many odd?"

"Fifty-nine."

The voice of Mynheer Tenderbroek died upon the waters as the ships increased the distance which divided them, and the "Goede Vrouw" rolled and plunged again, like a wounded grampus, on her course to add another day to the odd reckoning of her skipper.

The few and uncertain communications between the two countries in former times, afforded an ample excuse for ignorance, however gross, or romance however exaggerated; for it is well understood that a traveller's tale generally is more marvellous in proportion to the difficulties and dangers that are opposed to the discovery of its truth or falsehood. But is it not most wonderful now, when the admirable arrangements of the packet system have brought New York within the limits of a summer's trip, and the facilities of intercourse are so exact and frequent, that so little should be known by either party of the other? that travellers can tell, and readers credit accounts, which, whether stumbled on by stupified ignorance, or framed in wilful malice, are equally absurd, unlikely, and discreditable? A French traveller while at Boston, in Massachusetts, stumbled upon (not into) the pond on the common, a piece of ground appropriated, like the London parks, to the convenience and pleasures of the good citizens. On his return, the quick observer puts his pen to paper and says, that the Bostonians are like his own countrymen, polite, courteous, and great lovers of frogs! "they have a pond," he adds, "in the middle of a public garden which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with the animals!"

A remark made by a London undertaker to a friend of mine was even more ridiculous. This gentleman (an American) was riding on the top of the Chichester coach beside the undertaker, who, discoursing his country and his kin, proceeded at once to overwhelm him with inquiries respecting the qualifications of the various kinds of American wood for the construction of coffins, shells, and other such light manufactures. Then, like a butterfly in a church-yard, flitting at once from grave to gay, he touched upon the subject of the Indians, respecting whose mode of life, my friend, who was a well-informed man, gave him much interesting detail.

"Aye, aye," said the master of many mutes, "I've heard all that before; but what may they be like? What do they do? Do they run? Do they walk? Do they hop? Or how do they move, or don't they move at all."

"Their movements," replied the American, "are very peculiar; they run swiftly with a quick but noiseless step, and as they run, they peep here and dodge there, and look this way and listen that, for all the world like a wild turkey."

"A *wild* turkey!" exclaimed Death's deputy with a stare of wonder, "A wild turkey! Lord! can *they* fly?"

Thus much for the general information, or to speak more properly, the universal ignorance respecting America and the Americans; and here I will leave this subject to work its own way out; the intention of these papers being to develope peculiarities of character and custom, not to prejudice them. Evil report will always spread like a spot of vitriolic acid, staining all that is pure and fair with its own distempered spirit; and the error of foreigners with respect to America, has been in regarding the rough back-woodsmen as the body rather than the members; and in giving a few grotesque individual portraits as general characteristics of the people of the United States.

To the sportsman, there is no field so interesting as America. The novelty of the incidents on the road, the pleasant freshness of the transactions of the turf, and the inexhaustible resources of the chase would afford a variety sufficient to satisfy the most ardent son of Nimrod. Where can such sport be found by the brotherhood of the rod and line, as in the waters of the wilderness? I do not mean the low, sluggish, Lagoons of the South—when the hopeless disciple of the good Izaak Walton, is fixed up to his knees in a bank of mud surrounded by a triple rank of huge aligators, sunning themselves on pine wood logs; while at every footstep in the woods he is liable to tread on a tattlesnake,—but in wandering on the untrodden banks of some sequestered stream, which deepening in the shadow of the over-hanging trees, or glancing in the rays of the sun, leaps and dashes down its course to the ocean.

Again, what can be more exhilarating than to rouse the deer in his native wilds, and wake the sleeping echoes of the forest with the cries of the chase? or what more spirit-stirring than to watch the first small cloud of dust, on the extreme edge of the prairie, rising rapidly, thicker, and nearer, as it whirls in its approach. There is a deep rushing sound, like the breath of a storm in the air; it sinks as the dust cloud descends into yonder hollow; it swells again, it bursts upon the ear, as the herd of buffalo come thundering and panting in their speed. Now they are close on us as we lie concealed; the rifle is raised, there is a flash, a crack, a groan, a noble bull rolls headlong on the plain. The frighted herd swerve from their fallen leader—for a moment they are in confusion, scattered, snorting, snuffing the air, and wildly tossing their shaggy heads; another flash, another groan, another buffalo falls, and with a roar of mingled fear and rage, they rush forward on their mad career, and are gone.

The Americans are themselves by nature fond of every manly exercise and noble sport, and moreover so well "trained up in the way they should go," that as yet they do not, and I hope never will, depart from it. Generally speaking, they are fearless riders, unerring shots and expert anglers; in the field, firm, unflinching, and game to the back bone. If men of this mould be not sportsmen, why then, as poor Paddy said to Brian o'Borrhu, when he wanted a pair of leather breeches, "of what stuff are they to be made?"

"It can't be helped," said the negro, when the rain drenched him to the skin; "Massa order so; so be 'uman natur."

And a provident dispensation has endued the mind of man with an admirable elasticity, that adapts itself according to his sphere and habitation in the world. Who then would live in the primeval wilderness, and yet not love the chase? or, who could wander long, and often, in the deep glades of the forest, and not become a sportsman? How much more, then, should those, whose life is of the woods, whose every thought is primitive and sylvan, give up heart, body, soul, and all, to this engrossing passion? In manners simple and artless, his heart untutored, and free from man's artificial follies, the life of the Backwoodman is a day of bright and healthy sunshine. The light and joyous laugh of dawning childhood, is echoed back by the voice of the forest. The eye of the youth is charmed by the lofty trees and the various birds that nestle in their branches; the man is a hunter from necessity as well as from choice; and the ear of the aged listens to the soft and soothing whispers of memory, sounding in the evening wind of the wilderness.

Now for a few words respecting Brother Jonathan as a sporting character in his more *social* state; and first of his performances on the "Road." The American stage-coach drivers are clever whips in their own *way*, but their *ways* are bad, take the word in what sense you will. They are exceedingly clumsy coachmen; every man who drives four horses, seems to need as many hands as Briareus, and if you were not certain that he is on the coach-box, you would imagine him to be playing the harp, the movements of his hands are so quick and so varied. Yet they get along at a wonderful pace, considering the difficulties and dangers of the roads, together with the enormous weight of the machine, in which nine human beings are shut up, as close as pigs in a pen; however on they *do go* by some means or other; getting over or through places which in any other part of the world would be deemed utterly impassable, displaying a most extraordinary combination of unfailing skill and ludicrous awkwardness.

In the saddle they are fearless riders, but generally deficient in grace, and utterly negligent of the study of that most useful branch of horsemanship, a light hand; yet one of our crack riders would be very much bothered to follow a rough-riding American through the scrub-oak thickets, by them commonly called "black jacks"—in which they seem to wind their way with perfect security and ease.

As rifle shots, the Americans are unequalled;—their quickness, precision, and accuracy of aim, are truly astonishing, and must be seen in order to obtain full credit. Priest, in his Travels in America, thus narrates a singular instance of their daring and skill. "During the late war, in 1775, a company of riflemen, formed from the Backwoodsmen of Virginia, was quartered here (Lancaster in New England), for some time. Two of them alternately held a board only nine inches square between his knees, while his comrade fired a ball through it from a distance of one hundred paces." This account I cannot readily believe. In wandering one day on the shore of the many lesser lakes, which abound in the northern part of the State of New York, I met with a party of hunters, consisting of two men and a boy, the last loaded with a heap of fine black and grey squirrels. Two dogs treed the squirrels before them, when one or other of the marksmen would send his bullet into the animal's eye, in order to preserve the skin unbroken. This I have seen them do many times in succession, both then and since, without the marksman ever once missing his object. In the western states the squirrel will often run up a dead tree and lie close, hugging the bark which hangs loosely on the trunk. When they are in this position, the hunter will take a side-long aim at them, cutting the bark off from beneath the feet with the ball—the animal is killed by the concussion, and falls at his feet lifeless without a wound.*

This opening chapter grows rather too long; yet there is one subject to be touched on in speaking of the sports and sportsmen of America,—I mean the Indian. The nature of the red man was once noble; his soul was free, his spirit pure as the wind which seems now to sigh over his desolation in the forest. How sadly changed and lowly fallen is he now! And, shame to us that we should say it, civilization is the bitter water which has sullied the fountain of his life. Reviled, oppressed, hunted like a wild beast from his home, his heart died within him, and his new master at length succeeded in endowing him with a new spirit. His admiration turned to hate, his hope sunk in despair, his native generosity gave place to a deadly and implacable desire of revenge. Once free and unfettered as his native air, a creature to be trusted as truth, a man to be admired, a monarch of the wilderness; he soon became a slave, a heartless reprobate, an outcast. A canoe, with a few mats for encamping purposes, an empty rum bottle, to be filled from the canteen of any generous (!) white man; some few pounds of parched corn and dried fish; a square axe, a gun, and an iron pot, constitute the wealth of the present North American Indian; and thus furnished, he roves the wilds, a slave to every evil thought but fear. Alas! for these lords of the wilderness! Their war-paths are trod by the foot of the oppressor, and cities are springing up on the ruins of their humble wigwams. Their favourite haunts are broken up, their sylvan solitudes disturbed, and soon their graves will be all that they retain of their once loved hunting-grounds. The red men may sleep undisturbed in the depth of the forest, though in the plains the plough-share of the pale-faced stranger is tearing up tumuli of their fathers. The ancient sepulchral mounds of the Aborigines are disappearing as the modern buildings of the intruders arise; and shortly the heroes of the battle-field, the council-fire, and the chase, will be regarded but as the imaginary creatures of romance. WILDRAKE.

New York, 1837. London (New) Sporting Magazine, Feb. 1838.

---

* Upon a similar principle though not exactly by the same practice, the redheaded woodpeckers are killed in great numbers during the cherry season in the southern states. A long pole, pliable, but more substantial than a fishing-rod, is lashed to the trunk of a cherry tree, the top projecting a few feet above the uppermost branches. The bird coming in search of the fruit, and seeking for some convenient spot on which to alight, settles on the pole, when a person who is stationed at the foot of the tree, striking the lower end of the pole a smart blow with the hammer, the concussion instantly deprives the bird of life. Hundreds are often killed in the course of a single morning by this simple contrivance. [We always take American "nuts" of this kind *cum grano salis*. Ed. N. S. M.]

INSANITY.

"*A mad world, my masters.*"—It is a fact not generally known that the two brothers of the late Mr. Coutts died mad—one in confinement at Naples, and the other in Bedlam, after thirty years' sojournment in that establishment. Coutts himself was eccentric, and something more than eccentricity was evinced in his marriage of his old cook after the birth of his three daughters (Ladies Bute, Guildford, and Burdett), and the world pronounced him perfectly mad when, before the entombment of his first wife, he married Miss Mellon. The first Mrs. Coutts died in an afflicted state of idiotcy, and the *second* (the late Duchess of St. Alban's) was for some time before her death mentally imbecile. Lady Bute lost her senses on the marriage of Lord Dudley Stuart to a divorced woman, and Lady Guildford died in a high state of nervous excitement about five months back. Lady Burdett seldom appears to visitors—she labors under the delusion that she is unable to use her limbs, and that no one must see her face. She drives daily with her parasol open in a close carriage in order to hide herself!

Sir Francis Burdett, setting aside his political madness, has always been eccentric in private life. His five daughters have a smack of his eccentricity, and his son is notoriously affected with the family malady. The sister of Sir Francis, the present Lady Langham, is equally afflicted, and her son, Sir James Langham, has been in a lunatic asylum for some years. His brother—who, by the bye, is said to have won the heart and hand of the rich Angela (his first cousin)—was known in his regiment as "mad Langham." The prospect of this union of hereditary taint would be sad indeed; yet quite as sane as with the Duke of St. Alban's, for (not to mention his own infirmity of mind) his sister, Lady M. Beauclerk, has been in a lunatic establishment for ten years; another sister, Lady Charlotte, for seven years; and, as a sum total to this melancholy list, his brother, Lord Henry, at five-and-twenty went out of his mind, and about two years ago was removed from his regiment to a madhouse, in a state pronounced incurable.

Who, with these appalling details before their eyes, can envy the titles and wealth of these families!

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The Great Sweepstakes of 44 *subscribers, at* $1000 *each*, to come off on the 1st Tuesday in May, over the Union Course, L. I., is beginning to excite an immense deal of speculation in sporting circles north of Virginia. The *Brother to Picton* has the call both here and in Va. *Zela* (by Eclipse, out of Janette—Mr. John C. Stevens') and *Fordham* (by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam, in the same stable), are both good ones, and coming on finely; the choice of the two is 2d favorite. Mr. Wilkes' *Brother to Dr. Syntax*, in Mr. Robert L. Stevens' stable, and the choice of Mr. Walter Livingston's two, stand about even with the 2d favorite. They are fillies, both by Eclipse, one out of Medora and the other out of Jemima; they are in Laird's stable (Mingo's trainer), in New Jersey, and looking ripe for mischief. We have heard offers to take $500 to $100 upon the choice of the two against the whole 44. We are also authorized to offer $500 to $400 on the get of Eclipse against the get of all the other stallions. Capt. Stockton, of N. J., has two nominations, the produce of Miss Mattie and Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse—said to be second to nobody's. Sam, Post Boy's old trainer, has a-going, among others, (including Nimrod, The Colonel, Ajax, and another,) one of Mr. Tillotson's nominations. Mr. Botts has a good one, and so has Maj. Jones. At the South we hear they are sanguine of carrying off the $44,000 with *something*. Col. Johnson, Mr. Garrison, Col. Heth, Mr. J. M. Botts, Maj. Selden, and others, have each that "something" in training. If our correspondents will give us a lift, we will endeavor to throw some light upon the matter in our next.

Sale of Rodolph.—In Pete Whetstone's letter last week, he alludes to the sale of *Rodolph* and *Susan Yandell* at New Orleans, for about 10 per cent. of their worth, to which we had room merely to add the fact of their having been "bought in!" They were sold at auction during our visit in that city, on the 4th of Jan., and were bought in by Mr. Denton, (of the house of Wilcox, Anderson, & Co.) Rodolph sold for $2000—Susan Yandell for $500, and Van Buren for $200. The auction was so quietly managed, that no one attended the sale, save Mr. D., who bought in the horses at the prices quoted. Rodolph, we understand, has since been disposed of to a company in Kentucky (where he is standing at $100) for $15,000.

Black Maria.—Mr. Stevens' stock, in Van Leer's charge, were in comfortable quarters at the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, on the 29th ult. When they were landed on the Levee, an immense crowd were in attendance, who appeared highly delighted with the game and blood-like appearance of the string. A spirited gentleman of New Orleans, who purposes going upon the turf, writes us under date of the 31st ult.:—

"Van Leer will be able to dispose of his stock to advantage. I know one who will give $5000 for *Black Maria*, but am under the impression that she will go over that price."

She is worth more than $5000 to any gentleman going upon the turf, who intends breeding as well as training. What a nucleus would she be in an extensive breeding and racing stable. We were commissioned to offer $5500 for her a year ago by a Virginia breeder, and the offer was declined.

Mr. Hicks' Stock.—We are desired to state that this gentleman's racing stable *will not be sold* at auction at the Newmarket races, as heretofore advertised, but will go to the stable of Col. Heth, where they will remain for private sale.

Trifle has broken down in training, or at least, Arthur Taylor thought her legs so likely to give way, that she has been turned out, and probably will be sent to horse, to the great regret, though not disappointment, of thousands.

Fanny Wyatt and *Decatur*, as we learn from a friend from Virginia, are both doing finely. Fanny has the call in the betting at Washington, though Decatur is backed with great confidence in Richmond and this city, at a point better than even, P. P.

Old Kentuck against *All Creation!*—A spirited Kentuckian in New Orleans, previous to the meeting on the Metarie Course, offered through "The Picayune" to bet $100 on each race during the three Jockey Club meetings, on the horse or horses bred in Kentucky, against the field. The offer was accepted. Of the first five races, Kentucky-bred nags have won three, if not four.

"Sporting: by *Nimrod*."—One of the most comical of all comical imaginings is contained in a chapter from this new work, on the 66th page of to-day's paper. Read, laugh, and grow fat. The work itself may be seen at Colman's, Broadway, who has the only copy in the country. It is a magnificent quarto volume, with splendid line engravings, for proofs of which the trifling sum of twenty-one dollars only is asked!

Eclipse Course, New Orleans.—Col. Oliver's Spring meeting over this course commenced a week ago last Tuesday. It will be a grand affair; one of the most prominent members of his Club, a chivalrous and thorough-bred son of old Kentucky, in a private letter tells us

"Our friend Oliver is in good spirits, and doing the thing the right way; *entre nous*, he will have a greater display upon his course than any other here—more horses, prettier women, more music, and better liquor!"

The "True American" of the 22d March contains the annexed paragraph:—

"Forty-two race horses were brushing on the Eclipse course yesterday morning! Among them were almost all the celebrated nags of the present day south and west of the mountains. Linnet and Extio were running side by side with their defeated rivals, Angora and Fanny Wright. Wren, Taglioni, Britannia, and Antony were practising their great sweepstakes. Arbaces, Jasper, Julianna, and Glance were settling which of them should beat the great four milers; while strings on strings of others were, like retail dealers, showing good specimens of their stock. The track is in the finest condition we ever witnessed, and a new building is erected opposite to the judges' stand for the exclusive accommodation of the members of the Jockey Club and their ladies. Beneath it is an elegantly prepared and carpeted parlor, where a *dejeune* will be constantly kept for the refreshment of the fair visitors, with a retiring room attached. The fence is thrown back, and a boarded passage formed for the ladies from the road to their pavillion, and the whole arrangements, completed and progressing, present more advantages than are to be found in any race course in the United States. Col. Oliver deserves the highest praise and support from all our citizens."

P.S. The Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, 2 mile heats, was won by Mr. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, beating F. Duplantier's ch. f. *Wren*, in 3:49—3:47.

Bill Austin.—In answer to an enquiry in this paper of the 10th of March, Mr. James M. Henderson writes us from Maybinton, S. C., that *Bill Austin* will stand there and at Newberry Court House, at $30 and $50. His colts dropped this Spring are remarkably promising. Mr. H. states that he has a jewel of a colt by Imported *Rowton* out of a Pacolet mare, for which the name of *Snowstorm* is bespoken, he having been foaled in one. By the way, it is matter of general notoriety that Rowton's colts on both sides the Atlantic are unsurpassed for symmetry and blood like appearance.

DEATH OF BERTRAND CONFIRMED!

It is with sincere regret that we place before our readers the confirmation of the report first published in this paper, of *Bertrand's death*, which is conveyed to us in the following letter from his owner:—

Lexington, Ky., April 3, 1838.

Mr. Wm. T. Porter—*Dear Sir*,—I see in the Spirit of the Times of the 26th of March, you announce the death of *Bertrand*. Your correspondent foretold in advance what has since become true. I regret to say that on yesterday evening *Bertrand* died of the botts. He remained in fine health up to the day of his death—in the morning he served a mare, and it was remarked that he was very playful; at eleven o'clock his groom went to the stable, and found him restless. We gave him a drench, which appeared to relieve him for about two hours, when he again became uneasy; he was given a second drench, and a third, without any effect, and died at seven o'clock. On opening him, we found his maw literally eaten up.

Yours, &c., James Lindsay.

Mr. McCargo assured a Northern sportsman a few weeks since, that he should attend our Spring meetings here with *Steele*, and a smart sprinkling of his other good ones. There is every prospect of brilliant meetings, and tip top sport.

Laurenceville Spring Races are the earliest in the Old Dominion, commencing on the 1st Tuesday in April. A correspondent writes that on the First day, three started in the sweepstakes of 5 subs., at $100 each, Mile heats. Mr. E. B. Hicks' b. f. *Matoca*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Georgiana, by Napoleon, 3 yrs., won in hand; time bad, 1:58—2:03—2:02.

Second day, purse $200, Two mile heats, six started; Dr. Lewis's b. c. *Drumgoole*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs., won in 3:55—3:56.

Third day, Jockey Club purse $400, Three mile heats. A very hard and handsome race, between the Luzborough filly *Eloise* and the two Eclipse horses *Genito* and *Tornado*. Eloise won the 1st heat by a length of Tornado; Genito won the 2d by half a length of Eloise, Tornado being close up, and the 3d cleverly, Tornado 2d. Time bad, 6:04—6:00—6:05.

We have no report of the Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Mr. Hicks has another Imp. Fylde filly, out of Theresa, by Arab, about which we expect to hear something handsome at Belfield and Fairfield.

COL. HAMPTON'S STUD.

It may not be generally understood here that we are to have a draft from this gentleman's splendid stud at the ensuing meeting on Long Island. Immediately subsequent to the Charleston races, Stewart (Col. H.'s trainer) left for Hicksford, Va., where he has in training, at Dr. Merritt's, the *Brother to Picton*, in the great $44,000 Stake, with Col. Hampton's *Lath*, *Milwaukie*, and other good ones. They will probably arrive here in the course of next week.

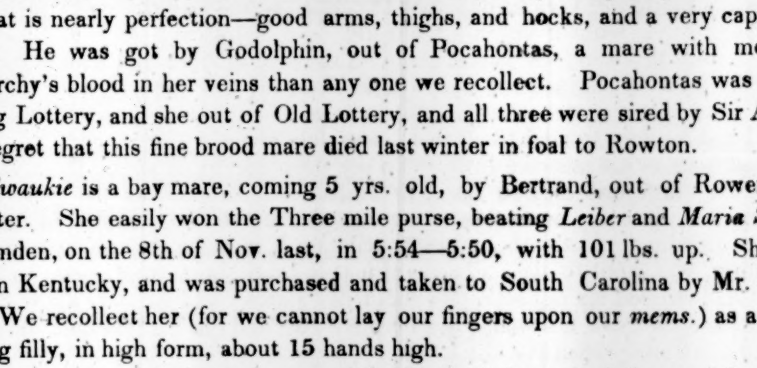
Lath is a bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high. Owing to a strain, he has not been started this season, though perfectly recovered in January last, when we saw him at Columbia. He is a horse of fine speed, and in his 3 yr. old form last year won at 4, at 3, and at 2 mile heats. He is very well put up, with a shoulder that is nearly perfection—good arms, thighs, and hocks, and a very capacious chest. He was got by Godolphin, out of Pocahontas, a mare with more of Sir Archy's blood in her veins than any one we recollect. Pocahontas was out of Young Lottery, and she out of Old Lottery, and all three were sired by Sir Archy. We regret that this fine brood mare died last winter in foal to Rowton.

Milwaukie is a bay mare, coming 5 yrs. old, by Bertrand, out of Rowena, by Sumpter. She easily won the Three mile purse, beating *Leiber* and *Maria Smith*, at Camden, on the 8th of Nov. last, in 5:54—5:50, with 101 lbs. up. She was bred in Kentucky, and was purchased and taken to South Carolina by Mr. Stewart. We recollect her (for we cannot lay our fingers upon our *mems.*) as a game looking filly, in high form, about 15 hands high.

A better opportunity may not present itself to allude to the balance of the American "Hampton Court Stud"—an establishment rivalling that of his late Majesty, and containing more stock bred at the Royal Stud than any other in the Union. In pages 12, 13, and 20, of the present volume of this paper, will be found some memorandums we made upon seeing *Monarch*, *Charlotte Russe*, and *Emily*, at Augusta, a few weeks previous to the races over the Hampton Course.[*] Immediately subsequent, while enjoying the profuse and elegant hospitality of their owner at one of his seats near Columbia, we had the gratification of seeing the residue of his formidable racing stable, as well as looking through his breeding stud.

His training stable with handsome paddocks and a mile track, are within a few steps of his residence, upon his Millwood estate—the stallions and a few brood mares and colts, with imported cattle, sheep, etc., etc., are at The Woodlands, four miles beyond; the remainder of the stud, including brood mares and young things at Gadsden, a third plantation, on the banks of the Congaree, about ten miles from his house; the three plantations directly adjoin each other, with a fine carriage road running through the centre of each from one extremity to the other. Miss Martineau gives a description of these magnificent estates, in her "Society in America," to which we should like to refer, but, *of course*, our copy of her book is not to be found, having been long ago carried off by some of our good natured friends.

We must try to give some idea of the training stable itself, for, with two exceptions, it is better planned and finished than any we have seen. Its dimensions are not so large as that of Mr. Robert L. Stevens, on Long Island, but superior in size to that of Mr. Gibbons, at Madison, N. J., both models in their way; all three were erected upon original plans, and each may claim the preference in certain respects. Mr. Gibbons' has boxes for six, Col. Hampton's for eight, and Mr. Stevens' for twenty-eight. The following rough outline of the ground plan of Col. H's, is as near as we can hit it off with type:—



The stars (*) are intended to represent the doors; folding doors connect the hall with a large square room directly opposite, in which all the paraphernalia of the racing stable, extra clothing, saddles, bridles, etc., are handsomely arranged. On one side of the long passage running from end to end, with a door at each, are arranged bins of feed; opposite to these are the cribs, and through a small swinging door, which, when closed, shuts off sight and smell of it, the horses reach their feed. There are large roomy boxes for eight horses opening on the outside; the boxes are well ventilated and partially lighted from blinds ten or twelve feet from the floor. The stable has 120 feet front, and is well proportioned; the wings are about 20 feet high, the centre being slightly elevated to add to the general effect. The whole is of the very best materials, and painted white; the beautiful jockey suits of blue and white, with fine English saddles, bridles, whips, spurs, etc., tastefully arranged, give a very fine effect to the repository.

To return to the horses. *Kitty Heath*, a chesnut filly, coming 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse, out of an Alfred mare, was slightly curbed when we saw her. She is well named for a lovely daughter of the sunny South, who "revels in all the panoply of peerless beauty," and if she does not win half the races the other will hearts, it is not for want of symmetry of proportions. She won two fine races last season, one at 3, and the other at 2 mile heats. The above comprises the present string of Col. H., though *Volney* and *Gano* (by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards), and possibly others, the property of friends, have been trained in his stable this winter.

Besides his present lot, including Monarch, Emily, Charlotte Russe, Lath, Milwaukie, and Kitty Heath, Col. H. has a most formidable *corps de reserve*, of native and imported young things. The first on the list is Craven's "sumptuous looking colt," which, in honor of his Royal breeder, is to be called

Sovereign; he is a bay, with no other white than a star, and stands 15 feet 2 inches, though hardly 2 yrs. old. He is by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis; his hocks, back, and loin cannot be excelled, and in all respects we do not recollect having seen his superior. His resemblance to the colored engravings of his sire is remarkable.

The Actress is the name given to a beautiful chesnut filly of the same age, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton. She has fine size, united to great symmetry of proportions. When "Nimrod" visited the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, this blook-like filly, then a yearling, at once rivetted his attention.

Kate Seaton, a bay filly, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas, also coming 2 yrs., is one of the most promising of Argyle's get, which is saying a great deal, for he has some of the finest colts in Carolina. We were not aware until we saw this fine filly that Argyle had ever stood for mares, and were not a little surprised to see a perfect miniature of himself in Kate Seaton, and hear of his having a great number of promising young things coming forward, before he is fairly off the turf himself.

There are two fillies and a colt, all bred by his late Majesty, which have just gone into training; they are coming 3 yrs. old. One is an own *Sister to Monarch*, (by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker.) She is a chesnut, with a star, and white hind feet, and if possible, superior in form to Monarch, who looks as much like Priam, his sire, as a very small bullet does like a large buck shot. The second filly is a bay, with a star, and no other white, by Emilius, out of Ada (sister to Augusta), by Woful. She is a nonpareil, like Col. Preston's superb chesnut colt by Defence, out of Tears. This last has a star and a narrow stripe; his near hind foot is also white. He is particularly well put up, with a large share of bone, and would be pronounced a good one, "and no mistake," if but for his back and loin. He has a fine intelligent eye, however, and a capital thigh and hock.

Having completed our crude and imperfect review of the racing stable, the reader will please imagine himself seated by our side behind two bits of blood, and we will whisk him down to The Woodlands to call upon *Emancipation*, and pay our respects to the beautiful *Bay Maria*.

It was at this favorite country residence of the late Gen. Wade Hampton, that he bred and trained some of the best horses of their day, such as Paragon, Viola, Gemima, Amazon, and old Black Maria. There are two large stables on the premises, in addition to the two appropriated to the Stallions. At one of the latter we saw imported *Emancipation*, a magnificent horse of full sixteen hands—a bay, without white. With the exception of *Priam* and *Glencoe*, we do not recollect having seen a finer specimen of the English thorough bred horse. The only fault about him, to our notion, is a want of sufficient depth of chest; but as regards his neck, shoulder, thigh and stifle, nothing could be finer. *Gadsden*, by Crusader, out of the dam of *Lath* and *Kate Seaton*, was standing in a handsome box opposite. He is a bay, with white hind feet, about 16 hands high. Since we saw him, he has been sent to Abingdon, Va., where he will stand this season. He is a very fine looking horse, and will be a most desirable acquisition to the breeders west of the mountains.

We saw at The Woodlands a 3 year old bay filly by Bertrand, out of Rodolph's dam, and regret to add she is thought to be foundered. An imported bay filly by Langar, out of The Balkan, we also saw here, and a beautiful creature she was. Two poor unfortunate things, a bay filly by Camel, and another by Rowton, were hobbling about in a paddock, both having given way in the upper pastern joint. Some of Rowton's foals, the first we had seen, impressed us most favorably of the general appearance of his get; they were remarkably blood-like, and promise to give him as much distinction in the breeding stud as he won for himself on the turf. Bay Maria we saw here in company with two or three other fine mares, heavy in foal to Rowton; she has since produced a bay filly foal, said to be a nonsuch. Bay Maria was withdrawn from the turf at 5 years old, when perfectly sound, and just after she had won three Four mile Jockey Club purses within about as many weeks. Our respected old friend, Maj. Jones, and many others here, were quite grieved to hear of her being withdrawn at the very zenith of her fame, but the gallant Major remarked "She was too beautiful for a race nag—if she had been an ordinary looking animal, she would have been suffered to run on, and acquire for herself as much reputation as the rest of her distinguished family." We never saw a brood mare at all comparable with her for beauty and symmetry.

At Gadsden, where we found another range of stables, etc., we saw quite a drove of brood mares and young things. Among them were the imported mares *Lucy*, by Cain—*Tears*, by Woful, out of Miss Stephenson by Scud, or Sorcerer, and a bay filly by Priam, coming 4 years old, out of a sister to Spermaceti by Whalebone. The two last are Col. John S. Preston's. Of several others, and the foals and yearlings, we cannot speak clearly, for our "crayon sketches" became rather obscure than otherwise, after we had toted them about a few days in our hat or pocket. It is of little consequence undoubtedly, for their appearance firmly impressed on our mind the conviction, that they would *make themselves known* when they come upon the turf. Enough has been said, we think, to convince any one of the judicious selection of stock composing this magnificent stud, and we will add that if its chivalrous proprietor was not in the habit of presenting large drafts of it yearly to his friends, it would soon be the largest in the Union. The excess of his choice blood stock, native and imported, whether consisting of horses, cattle or sheep, is seldom or never sold, but from motives the most patriotic, is distributed among those of his friends not engaged in breeding, who will rear them with proper attention. In this way, in some instances, from a regard for the donor—in others, from a conviction of the immediate advantages accruing to themselves, many distinguished residents of the South have been induced to engage with spirit in the improvement of blood stock, while a generous feeling of emulation has been kindled throughout that section of country, the effects of which are daily unfolding themselves in a manner the most gratifying and unquestionable. If, as some writer has forcibly remarked, that man is entitled to the esteem of mankind who causes two blades of grass to grow where one blade grew before, what amount of commendation does he not merit who thus dispenses a princely fortune in perfecting the breed and ameliorating the condition of the most useful and invaluable of animals, and so materially contributes to the interests and general enjoyment of his fellow citizens?

Another Importation.—The Charleston Courier states that another importation of valuable *Blood Stock*, Cattle, etc., is daily expected at that port, per the ship China, from Liverpool. The following is a list of what it is supposed she will have on board.

1. Brown Mare, *Frances*, by Emilius, and in foal to Birdcatcher; her breeding is the first in England, being in foal to a celebrated horse for blood and performance.
2. Bay Mare, *Prima*, by Priam out of Dahlia, in foal to Discount, by Banker; this mare is the first of Priam's get.
3. Bay Mare, foaled in 1833, by Filho-da-Puta, dam Zephyrinas; stinted to Discount.
4. Bay Mare, foaled in 1833, bred by Mr. John Painter, got by Memnon, out of Eleanor; will prove a most valuable brood mare, from size and substance.
5. Bay Mare, 3 years old, by Emancipation, out of Sligo, covered by Discount; untried as a racer, but from her style of going, likely to prove a winner if put to training, and from her blood will prove a valuable brood mare.
6. Chesnut Mare, *Lady Sheffield*, by Recovery, out of Primrose; this mare is a most valuable brood mare from size and substance as well as blood.

CATTLE.

1. A Bull, 3 years old, of the Durham breed; the pedigree given by Mr. Ashcroft, of the best breeding.
2. A Bull, 1 year old, bred by Mr. Hollinshead Blundell, from his celebrated bull Charley.
3. Six Cows, of the Durham breed, five of which are in calf.

Postscript.—Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

Charleston, April 6, 1838.

The *China* arrived three days ago with six brood mares, all in splendid order, with a lot of bulls and cows. They are all to be sold at auction next week.

I remain, dear sir, your most ob't. servant, ***

---

[*] In describing *Emily*, we spoke of the "toes of her fore feet turning out, thus making her liable to cut." We should have stated that she is perfectly straight in one leg, like *Monarch*, while the other is twisted *in*, which occasions the interference to which we alluded. This peculiarity is more obvious in Monarch than in the filly, though with him there is no striking or interfering. We ought to have remarked at the time that Col. Hampton's horses reached Augusta, from Columbia, during a very violent snow-storm, to which they had been exposed all day, and we well remember his astonishment when we informed him of the circumstance, and expressed our fears that it would disqualify them for running—an opinion in which he joined, and which unfortunately was but too fully realized. They all took cold, and were knocked up. To this probably may be attributed *Emily's* defeat in the Sweepstake, as well as *Charlotte's*, both at Augusta and Charleston. Emily won the first heat cleverly; her pores being closed, she could not sweat, and of course cooled out badly. There is no doubt of her game; in our opinion she can repeat as well as any 3 year old we have ever seen. Besides the cold under which Charlotte Russe was laboring at Augusta, several gentlemen who attended the races, inform us that she was gorged with straw, which by some means she got through her muzzle, and was really ill after the 2d heat. The sad accident on the Rail Road affected her action for some days (Monarch being shockingly cut and bruised), and it was only two days before the race that her spirited owner could prevail upon himself to start her. Immense sums were bet between her and *John Guedron* (whom she defeated) so that she was forced to take such a position in the race as not to be run at by both him and *Steele*. Had she made play in both heats, many think she might have won cleverly; as it was, the style in which she finished the 2d heat, added greatly to her value in the opinion of her friends. Thus much in justice to a string, the owner of which will not thank us for this explanation; he of all men would be the last to rob an antagonist of a single leaf of the chaplet which encircles his brow. Nor would we have alluded to so delicate a matter, did we not entertain so high an opinion of Mr. McCargo's good sense and honorable feeling, as to believe he will cordially coincide with the sentiments above expressed in relation to the stable of one, for whose character as a high spirited Carolinian, and a chivalrous turfman, he must feel the sincerest esteem and regard.—*Editor*.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB SPRING RACES.

METARIE COURSE ; ADAMS & GARRISON, PROPRIETORS.

Our special reporter furnishes us with a detailed report of the recent meeting over the new Metarie Course, and we have before us, also, several letters from friends in that city, from which we compile the one annexed. All agree in according great credit to the spirited proprietors for their zeal and enterprize in establishing a Club and Course so worthy of the city and the State. A large concourse of spectators were in daily attendance, including many ladies, for whose special accommodation an elegant Pavillion was erected. The weather was bland and pleasant throughout the meeting, and no accident or disturbance occurred to mar the good feeling and harmony that prevailed. The following gentlemen comprise the *Officers of the Club*:—

HON. ALEXANDER BARROW, of St. Francisville, **PRESIDENT.**

Vice Presidents,

Hon. BALIE PEYTON, GEO. B. MILLIGAN, Esq., THOS. J WELLS, Esq., Hon. THOS. W. CHINN, SAML. J. PETERS, and GEO. B. OGDEN, Esqrs.

Executive Committee,

CHAS. P. JOHNSTON, JOSEPH M. KENNEDY, CHAS. CLEGG, MINOR KENNER, J. R. HOLLIDAY, J. W. JUSTAMOND, Dr. WM. RUSHTON, and Dr. J. G. CHALMERS.

Judges,

THE PRESIDENT, Hon. JUDGE CHINN, and RICHARD HAILE, Esq.

Distance Judges,
WM. KENNER and J. AVERY, Esqrs.

Timers,
JOHN A. MILLER and THOS. E. LEEFE, Esqrs.

Secretary, S. M. READ, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, March 28, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50; free for all ages; 2 year olds carrying a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1
James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs	3	2
Thos. Jefferson Wells' ch. f. *Taglioni*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon, 3 yrs	4	3
Hon. Alex. Barrow's b. m. *Lilac*, own sister to Tishimingo, 5 yrs	2	4

Time, 1:50—1:54½.

Lilac was the favorite, though she was far from being in order; at the word "go" they got away with an excellent start; Lilac carried on the running with her old lick, for the first quarter, and then resigned in favor of her brother, Tishimingo, who maintained his stroke to the end, winning by a length.

The second heat was severely contested, and afforded much gratification, all doing their best from the start; Tishimingo and Charles Magic came out of the crowd on the last quarter, and made a desperate brush home, but the former won by two lengths.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $70; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. *Mad Anthony*, (late *Pressure*) by Trumpator, out of Transport by Sir William, 3 yrs	1	1
James S. Garrison's b. c. *Pollard*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose (John Bascombe's dam) by Pacolet, 3 yrs	4	2
Smith & Chinn 's b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of Virginian by Rosicrucian, 4 yrs	2	3
Col. Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	4

Time, 3:52—3:48. In the reports of "The Picayune" and "The Southerner," Mr. Wm. R. BARROW'S *Fanny Bell* is made to run 5th and 3d. Are the editors of those papers positive of the fact? Was she not withdrawn on the morning of the race?—*Editor.*

Immense interest was excited by this race, and the betting was heavy. Mad Anthony was the favorite, and Arbaces also had many backers, though he was in no kind of condition. They got off at the tap of the drum, Pollard having the track. Joe took the lead, Arbaces second, the others going pretty well up in hand. On the second mile Mad Anthony challenged and passed Joe, and collared Arbaces, whom he outfooted after a desperate brush, and won the heat cleverly.

Second Heat.—Mad Anthony was now more than ever the favorite; Arbaces was entirely out of the betting, and many of his friends were astonished at seeing him come again to the post. They got away together, Joe again taking the lead. Mad Anthony played the same game in this as in the former heat, putting the issue upon a brush; he did not find it answer quite so well, however, for he was instantly collared by Pollard, and they made strong running to the end, Mad Anthony winning by a scant length.

It should be remarked that Joe Kearney carried 4lbs. over his weight, and while leading in the first heat, kicked up, which induced many to believe, that but for this circumstance he would have won the first heat.

The winner is named *Mad Anthony*, after the gallant WAYNE. He is a Kentucky bred horse, and was the winner of the Two mile purse at Crab Orchard on the 8th of Sept. last, where he was started by FARRIS & DAVENPORT, under the name of *High Pressure*, against Mr. Fisher's *Ben Duncan*, Mr. Kennedy's *Clara Cummings*, and Mr. Toncray's *Mary Mifflin*. Messrs. F. & D. bought him for $1600, and sold him after this race to WALKER THURSTON for $3000. Col. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, is his present owner, and has refused $5000 for him. We saw him at the Colonel's stable last January. He is very blood-like, a bay, with black legs, and no other white than a star. In his forehand he strongly resembles the Wild Bill stock, having a game head, a beautiful eye and ear, with a strong and well shaped shoulder. He is very heavily quartered and muscled—too much so, perhaps, for his height, which is under 15 hands. He is fine across the loins, and his thighs and hocks are good; the only material fault about him is that he is slightly knocked-knee'd. Notwithstanding, he is a great favorite with "the stable," and has the speed of a quarter horse. Our reporter makes Transport, by Sir William, his dam, while others give Jenkins' Sir William as *her* sire. Which is correct?

Arbaces, owned by Dr. SMITH, of St. Francisville, and Judge CHINN, of Baton Rouge, we saw in training by Mr. MACK, at the stable of the former gentleman, last winter. He is a horse of splendid appearance, measuring 15 hands and an inch. His color is a rich bay, with a ring of white around each hoof, those on his hind feet running half way up his pasterns; his legs are black, and hoofs small, and of the firmest horn. He is slightly dish-faced, but his head would be called fine; his ears are rather large, but well shaped, and set wide apart, denoting indomitable courage; his forehead is broad, and his eyes small and comparatively dull. He has a fine oblique shoulder, to which is well set on a beautifully arched neck: indeed, forehanded, more than any other horse we have seen, he resembles *Rodolph*. His barrel is round and well ribbed out to his stifle; his withers and loin are fine, and his thighs and arms very long, thick, and strong—his knees broad and flat, and his hocks everything that could be wished. That he was started out of condition cannot be questioned, for on the 19th of April last, he ran a good second to *Angora*, at St. Francisville, in a two mile race, in 3:46, and on the *next day* won the Three mile purse, beating *Naked Truth* and *Alice Riggs* in 5:45—5:43—the best time ever made south of the Potomac. In his race with Angora, on account of some question about taking one another's track at the start, he was drawn after the first heat, though Dr. SMITH was offered $1000 to allow him to be started again. The race was officially timed by FERGUS DUPLANTIER and BENNETT H. BARROW, Esqs., as well as by several other officers of the Club, and there can be no doubt of the accuracy of their report. The St. Francisville track is from 12 to 16 feet over a mile, and as well adapted for quick time as the Union Course, Long Island. In location, soil, or beauty, it is not surpassed by any race track we ever saw. As the races were run in April, the horses did not carry the same weight as they would have done on and after the 1st of May, from which day horses in Louisiana date their age; Arbaces on the 19th of April, therefore, only took up his appropriate 3 yr. old weight, 86 lbs., when twelve days afterwards, had he ran, he would have had to carry 100 lbs. as a 4 yr. old.

THURSDAY, March 29—Jockey Club Purse $1200, ent. $120; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Wells' ch. h. *Dick Chinn*, by Sumpter, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	1	1
D. Stevenson's b. c. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper by Timoleon, 3 y	3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 5 yrs	2	3

Time, 5:52—5:55.

The betting on this race was immense—Angora 3 to 1 against the field. Paul Jones and Dick were in tip top condition, while Angora was perfectly dead, and in no order for the race. Angora had the track, and cut out the work, waited upon by Paul Jones, Dick trailing. In the back stretch of the second mile he made his jun, and quickly passed his competitors. It was now quite evident that the race was Dick's, though Angora contended nobly, and made a desperate struggle for the heat, Dick only winning by a few feet.

In the *Second Heat* they had an excellent start; Dick took the lead from the rump, and won easily. In the first turn Angora's saddle slipped, which rendered it utterly impossible for her to have won, even had she been in order. She barely saved her distance, coming in with her saddle on her withers, and Nelson behind it on her bare back.

FRIDAY, March 30—Jockey Club Purse $2000, ent. $200; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Wells' ch. m. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 5 yrs	1	1
D. Stevenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs	3	2
James. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 5 yrs	2	3
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs	4	dis

Time, 8:12—7:56.

The attendance upon the field this day was immense; the Ladies Stand was crowded with the fairest daughters of the City and State, and the space inside the course was crammed with every description of carriages. A more brilliant, full, and fashionable company has never been seen at the South.

Fanny was rather the favorite with the public, notwithstanding her owner and immediate friends were aware she was not in condition. A member of the Club who "went his pile" on her, writes us—"With all due deference to the judgment of my friend, 'the Napoleon,' in my humble opinion it was outrageous that Fanny should have been brought on the field in such miserable condition. I was in company with your correspondent, '*Zoloe*,' who remarked before she had gone a quarter—'she is entirely off her feet, and must be distanced!'" Linnet was brought to the post as fine as silk, by Thomas Watson, her trainer, and Old Charles had Glorvina just about right; Melzare reflected great credit upon his young trainer, Jewell, who has charge of Col. JOHNSTON'S string.

First Heat.—Linnet drew the track, Melzare having the outside; a taste of steel at the word "go," sent him ahead for a half mile, when the fleet Leviathan cut him down in half a dozen strokes, and tailed off the field an immense way. Glorvina caught up the running as Melzare declined, but could not reach the Red River champion, who won easily.

Second Heat.—Melzare and Linnet made strong running from the score, the colt 1st; on the last quarter stretch of the 3d mile, Linnet was put up to her best speed, and beat Melzare in to the stand, where she was pulled up by her jockey, who forgot the distance. Of this forgetfulness of Dick's, Melzare at once took advantage, by striding away at a slashing rate; Linnet soon recovered her stride, however, and after a tremendous race, won the heat from him by a length, running the 8th mile in 1:54, Fanny Wright "no where!"

Linnet was bred by JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala., who sold her at 3 years old to WM. J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez., for $3000. Mr. M. afterwards sold him to the Messrs. WELLS, of Alexandria, La., for double that sum, and they in their turn, were offered $12,000 for her. In her 3 and 4 year old form she started seven times, winning all but her first race, which she lost by accident; in these two years she won, in matches and stakes, $13,000. On the 3d of March last she was beaten by *Fanny Wright*, Four mile heats, at Natchez, though she received a forfeit of $5000 in an inside stake on the same race with *Hinda*, who was distanced. On the 18th of the same month, she won the Two mile purse of $700, at New Orleans, beating *American Citizen*, and has not started since, save at Natchez, the other day, where, without a contest, owing to an accident, she won a match of $10,000 a-side. From this summary of her winnings it will be seen, that she has netted her owners, in three years, the enormous sum of *Thirty Thousand, Seven Hundred Dollars!* For a memoir of her, (as well as of Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, and Rodolph,) see Spirit of the Times of March 4, 1837, page 20–21. The success of Linnet and Extio adds another laurel to Leviathan's brow, and will go far to set at rest the question, whether or no he gets four milers.

SATURDAY, March 31—Jockey Club Purse $700, ent. $70; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. g. *Great Mogul*, by Lafayette (Berry's) Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs	3	1	2	2	1	1
Hon. Alex. Barrow's ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs	2	3	1	1	2	2
Col. Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 2 yrs	1	2	3	3	3	3

Time, 1:52—1:55—1:54—1:57—1:59—2:01.

The Picayune's report of this race is so laughably odd, that we insert it in lieu of the more staid one of our correspondent's; we would have done so, if from no other reason, to let KENDALL see that we duly appreciate his courtesy in sending us by Express Mail the earliest sporting intelligence that reaches him. Here's a taste of Kendall himself:—

The day was beautiful—attendance large—excitement uncommon. The grey was rather the favorite against the field, Louisa next best, the little Lavinia, although she had her friends and backers, appearing hardly able to contend against the grey or the elder filly. Six heats were run before the thing was decided, and we might use up our entire space to give justice all around. As it is, we must start off with

The Start, which was fair, Mogul having the inside, Louisa the middle, Lavinia the outside. The latter went to work at once, passing on the first turn and taking the inside. Louisa kept on sociable terms with her the entire mile, watching an opportunity to pass. None offering, she came in second best, Lavinia winning by a length, in 1:52. Great Mogul was all the while quietly at work at his old station in the rear, laughing to see the little ones move themselves, coming in rather a distant spectator.

Second Heat.—The young one again led off, followed by Mogul, Louisa making a bad start, striking out the wrong foot. The big grey went to work at Lavinia on the back stretch, lapped her on the third quarter, passed her on the run home, winning by half a length, Louisa saving herself. Time 1:55.

Third Heat.—Louisa went at it the right way this time, cutting in ahead of Mogul, making a gap of some ten or fifteen yards on the back stretch; the old grey broke at her, lapping on the last quarter and coming in all but side and side. This time Louisa's neck being a little the longest, she won the heat—1:54; the youngest filly exercising within the distance post.

Fourth Heat.—"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends," but they were now leaving, although she looked as fine as ever. Some difficulty occurred at starting, but they finally went off, Miss Bascombe leading, followed closely by Mogul, both letting out all they knew, while Lavinia was pounding away third, as emulous as ever. Louisa's best foot was foremost this heat, running in ahead by a length. Time 1:57—Lavinia in the neighborhood.

Fifth Heat.—Some thought the colt would now be withdrawn and leave the old ones to fight it out themselves—all, however, came up to the scratch fresh: the old grey had taken his glass of whiskey and water, and was set down in good working condition—bets rather in his favor. He went off at a greater speed than usual, pushing Louisa close for three quarters, passed on the last turn, winning in 1:59; the youngest saving her distance, and as good as new.

Sixth Heat.—The game now stood "two and" between Mogul and Louisa—Lavinia still determined on "taking a hand," although the "*cards* were running against her." All were a little tired, and some said that the old gelding took a short nap previous to the start. He woke up in season, at any rate, his backers offering to negociate Mississippi money on him at the most inviting rates; few takers at 3 to 1. The start was beautiful—all three running side and side from the first half. The colt now began to fag. The oriental monarch and Miss Louisa kept close company on the next quarter, but in coming out the lady was left a length in the rear. Time 2:01—L. saving her distance and credit as a colt.

LAST DAY, April 1—Proprietors' Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. c. *Pollard*, by Wild Bill, out of John Bascombe's dam, by Pacolet, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Tayloe & Johnston's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, out of Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. *Naked Truth*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar by Pacolet, 5 yrs	3	3	3

Time, 5:57—5:48—6:01.

The day was fine and the stands and field crammed with spectators. Naked Truth was the favorite vs. the field. Pollard led off with a good business stroke and carried on the running to the fourth quarter of the mile, where Hortense challenged and passed; she maintained her place to the end, winning under a pull, Pollard not running for the heat.

The odds now were 3 to 1 on Hortense. Pollard went to work from the score, and crowded the mare out of the track at the first turn. She soon got up to him, and they ran nearly two miles locked; the game colt, however, finally shook her off and came home a gallant winner, in 5:48—no discreditable performance for a half brother of *John Bascombe*. The third heat was a second edition of the last, save that there was a great falling off in the time.

Vast quantities of wild fowl, natives of the Polar regions, have, during the late severe weather, visited the large lake at Fonthil. Among these have been many flocks of wild swans, several of which, weighing 20lbs. each, have been shot by the keepers.

Lord De Roos is quietly domiciled at his cottage in St. John's-wood near the Regent's-park, in the society of his sister. His lordship is an invalid, and takes very little exercise.

SPRING RACES AT TRENTON.

The First Spring Meeting on the Eagle Course, at Trenton, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th instant, as will be seen from the programme on the last page. From all we can hear, the meeting will be a most attractive one; the Jersey stables, especially, are in great force, and there is a prospect of a draft from crack stables at Baltimore and Petersburg.

We are glad to learn that Capt. STOCKTON'S string is trained at present under his personal direction; it comprises imported *Langford*, 5 yrs., *Bergen*, by Medley, 5 yrs., *Somerset*, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs., and four tip top 3 yr. olds. First on the list is Miss Mattie's bay filly by Eclipse, and after her comes a chesnut filly out of Charlotte Pace, by the same. One of them is "booked" to carry off "the swag" on the Island—the $44,000 on the 1st of May, say the Jersey Blues. "I wish they may get it," says a Virginian at our elbow, who "goes his death" on our namesake, the Brother to Picton. The gallant Captain has also a chesnut colt out of Powancey, by Monmouth Eclipse, called *Windsor*, and a chesnut filly (*Pocahontas*) by Powhattan, out of Blanche—a most formidable lot.

Mr. GIBBONS has four or five good ones up; at the head of his string is *Shadow*, 4 yrs., by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian—the winner of the $7000 stake on the Island last Spring, and one of the most promising 4 yr. olds at the North. *Saracen*, a half brother to Shadow, by Eclipse, and *Avalanche*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of a First Consul mare, both 3 yr. olds, are as fine as silk. The names of the others in his stable have escaped us.

LAIRD, at Colt's Neck, thinks he has got something to supply *Mingo's* place.—He has two of Mr. LIVINGSTON'S fillies that are in training for the Great Stake, and two or three young things of Gen. IRVINE'S, altogether a lot of out and outers. He moreover has *Betsey Andrew* and some "dark" ones of his own.

His neighbor, Mr. VAN MATER, told us the other day he had "some pretty fair ones" a-going, which means a good deal. His colts are always ugly customers in a sweepstake, and this year he thinks he has got something a leetle finer than usual.

HELLINGS has seven at Trenton, and a promising lot, we hear they are. Four 3 yr. olds, a bay filly by Sussex, another by Medley, a chesnut colt by Eclipse out of a Bertrand mare, and a bay colt by E. Lightfoot out of a Potomac mare, make up his first division. Then comes a 4 yr. old colt by Imp. Luzborough—another 4 yr. old ch. colt by Busiris, and a 5 yr. old black mare by Shark out of Imp. Alarm, the dam of Clara Howard.

Mr. A. V. CONOVER has *Manolopan* and two or three other good ones; the former has recovered from his slight lameness of last Fall, and is going so well that we shall not be surprised if he makes one of the half dozen that are likely to start on the Three mile day.

We cannot inform our Jersey friends what stables will certainly visit them from the Island, but will do so in our next. There will be several in all probability, as most of them are crowded and are coming on well. Dosoris, Zela, Fordham, the Brother to Dr. Syntax, Henry and Tom Moore, Antoinette, Shepherdess, Rienzi Eliza Derby, Ajax, Nimrod, and forty more, are as fine as "a book with a red kiver on it," and some of them will be "on hand," depend upon it.

Edwin Forrest and *Daniel D. Tompkins* are said to be fine as silk, and **BROWN** is making great note of preparation for his Trotting meeting over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. It is presumed their match will be trotted under the saddle—a fact which will make Forrest a decided favorite.

Original Table.—The Turf Register for April publishes a *List of Stallions* for 1838, containing 135. A fortnight previous we published ours, containing *One Hundred and Thirty-one*, and ours has been copied verbatim et literatim into the Register without the slightest acknowledgement. The only improvement made upon our Table by the Register consists in the addition of *four* horses to our List of 131; and the best of the joke is that of the four thus added to make the Table of the Register an ORIGINAL ONE, two of the stallions *have no pedigrees at all!* Had we been cornered in so tight a place we would have added the names of the principal *Jacks* standing in the West.

DEVIL'S FORK OF THE LITTLE RED, March 17, 1838.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—I have only time to say Pete's glad you have got back safe without being blown up in a steamboat, or mashed to death on a rail road.—The new "*Spirit*" is a sweet critter Pete's compliments to Mr. "*Expedition*," and will be glad to see him next Fall, tho' if "*spun truck*" don't suit him, he needent come to the Devil's Fork, unless he will stand *Flax in the Bundle*. Pete is much obliged to him for his advice about politics, and the more so bekase "Expedition" believes strong in the *Cravat stuffer*. Pete don't boast how much he believes in the Spirit, but I reckon he is about good for 14 subscribers to her.—Does "Expedition" believe that strong?

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

Nota Bene by *the Editor*.—In a postscript of a private letter PETE says "Expedition thinks I injure you by Politics—'tis all my eye! I think if he feels as much zeal as he professes in your welfare, he will at least outdo Pete in getting you subscribers; *God* knows how well I wish you, and 'Expedition' may *think* as he pleases." Our excellent and facetious friend "has him there," just as clear as mud; you can see it sticking out. Pete's letter containing the postscript we have quoted, covered $50, and we don't know how many more subscribers, after counting a baker's dozen, we stopped. We should like to catch "Expedition" or any body else playing that game.

YAZOO, (Miss.) March 19, 1838.

Well, Mr. PORTER, our races have commenced, or rather will commence to-morrow, and perhaps we will have some of the best that you ever didn't see. No corn bread and common doings—there will be wheat bread and chicking fixins. I saw you when in Vicksburg, which we call here the jumping-off place; but next year you must come here. Benton is the place;—we can shew you a fine course, fine horses, and fellows as fine as silk, *and* silker.

My next will give you a full account of the week's sport, which is promising. You have never been here, but you know us all, if you have not forgot the Fores Hill Course. Truly yours, ROSIN-THE-BOW.

LATEST BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, (Arks.) March 20, 1838.

My Dear P.—Allow me, through the medium of the Spirit, to tender my thanks to the spirited proprietor of the Eclipse Course, for a copy of his bill of fare, at the same time expressing my regret that I am unable to accept his polite invitation. The large purses given at Orleans, and in the South-west, tend directly to increase the value of "good uns;" and to Mr. OLIVER is due the credit of starting the thing—for, "solitary and alone he put the ball in motion." I think *Wagner*[*] will open the ball by winning the great sweepstakes; but this is only my opinion. Have you ever made a calculation of the amount given at Orleans and its vicinity in purses in the course of one year—only think of it—it amounts to *Sixty Thousand Eight Hundred Dollars!* Now, if this is not encouraging the breeders, I am no judge of horse flesh.

I wish some of your correspondents would do me the favor to give, either by letter, or through the Spirit of the Times, the pedigree of a sorrel mare raised by JOHN M'HONEY, on Stanton river, in Pittsylvania Co., Virginia—got by Gohanna out of McHoney's Janus mare, and sold to LEWIS PHILLIPS by McHoney, and by Phillips to LAWSON HENDERSON, Esq., of this place.

DAVY THOMPSON, Esq., made some fine purchases in Virginia, but I have been unable to learn their pedigrees. If *Charline* can beat *Experiment* it will be honor enough; and if we can lick *Dumond* with a three year old *Volcano*, the glory wil be too much for mortal.

I am anxiously awaiting the result of the matches between *Linnet* and *Angora*, and *Extio* and *Fanny Wright*, which came off the 13th and 14th instant.

In haste, truly yours, N.

---

[*] By a letter just received by the Express Mail, we find *Wagner* DID win the stake, two mile heats, in 3:49—3:47.

The Detroit Post speaks of a man in that city, who is so ugly that he is obliged to wake up in the night to rest his face.

ANECDOTES OF THE TURF.

"Every man has his hobby-horse."

There is perhaps no infatuation greater than an infatuation for the turf; and certainly no excitement so great as that caused in some minds by speculations on it.

It is recorded of the late Charles James Fox, a man remarkable for great strength of nerve, that he would bet his hundreds, and even his thousands in the ring on Newmarket-heath with the utmost coolness, yet, upon the moment of the race being decided, he was invariably seized with a feeling of trepidation which lasted only until the result was made known, when he instantly regained his previous composure, no matter whether he happened to be fortunate or otherwise, which continued till "they are off"! was again the cry.

The late Sir Mark Wood was a very anxious spectator of a race, particularly when he had a horse to run. How often have I heard him, at the top of the ditch on Newmarket-heath, loudly giving vent to his feelings, when his jockey had not taken the place laid down for him, and which most probably he, the said jockey, from a want of capacity in the animal, was unable to do. I shall never forget Sir Mark at the Ascot-heath Meeting 1832, when his favorite mare Camarine, and Chifney's Rowton, ran the dead heat for the Gold Cup. Sir Mark expressed himself very warmly on the manner in which Rowton hung towards Camarine, and, in the moment of excitement, ascribed considerable blame to Chifney on that score; yet upon the final heat, when Camarine was hailed the winner, he not only became "himself again," but acknowledged he had never seen a finer race or a more scientific display of horsemanship.

Although, generally speaking, all interested persons are touched with the "palpitation" when they have anything *in*, or *on* a race, yet some gentlemen have a much greater command over their temperament than others. Amongst this class may be mentioned a gallant colonel, a regular frequenter of Newmarket, and who is, moreover, one of the best promoters of its sports. I have repeatedly contrasted the quiet and easy demeanour of this gentleman with the noisy and anxious behaviour of others who had not a tenth of his stake on the race.

My recollection of turf affairs does not afford a stronger instance of indifference than one of that "fine old English gentleman" and true friend to all British sports, General Grosvenor. It was, if I remember rightly, at the Craven Newmarket meeting, 1819, on the race for the Riddlesworth stakes, which were that year worth to the winner upwards of £5000. I recollect Mr. Vansittart had a grey horse, Financier by Treasurer, in the race, and at a hundred yards from the finish he appeared to have made the victory his own; when General Grosvenor's filly, Blue Stockings, took the lead from him and won. A sporting acquaintance of mine was riding down the course immediately after the judge's decision, and heard the General's groom ask him whether he would not like to see the mare before she went home? At this moment General Grosvenor did not know that he was the winner of the richest stakes ever contested for, so easy was he as to the result.

Every year convinces us that a confederacy in racing speculations is the most likely way to turn them to a profitable account, and the partnership which existed between Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale may be quoted as an illustration of the old adage that "two heads are better than one." In tracing the career of these gentlemen, from the commencement to the dissolution of their partnership, we see a glorious succession of good fortune, which is mainly to be attributed to superior management and the strictest attention to "business." "Whatever is worth doing," says Dr. Johnson, "is worth doing well." In Memnon's year (1825) it has been stated that these gentlemen won something like £35,000 between them; but I have been told that Mr. Gully was more fortunate with his settling than his companion. In the Colonel's and Rowton's years (1828 and 1829), they are also said to have been good winners, and if that astonishing little horse, the Little Red Rover, had carried off the Derby in 1830, it is supposed they would have won upwards of £80,000. Unfortunately for Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale, their game little horse had to meet the mighty Priam, the best three-yrs-old since the time of his sire, Emilius; this only prevented the Rover's winning, as it is well known, he was, on an average, good enough to win five Derby's out of six. Their grand period and most fortunate speculation, however, was on the Derby, with St. Giles, in 1832, when they were reported to have netted nearly £50,000. It was this race that caused the misunderstanding between them, respecting a division of a bet or two of Mr. Ridsdale's, which ended in a dissolution of partnership. Since the separation, one of these gentlemen has quitted the turf, and the other's influence in the betting ring has undergone a considerable abatement.

There is not a more enterprising gentleman on the turf than John Greatrex, Esq., indeed no betting man, individually, ever turned turf speculations to a better account than he has done these last seven or eight years. I do not know whether Mr. G. is an admirer of Shakspeare (I do not mean the horse of that name), but he evidently thinks with the great poet that,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And, acting up to this principle, he won large sums (for such races) on Forth's Aaron, in 1830, when that horse carried off the prize in the great betting races at Bath, Brighton, and Goodwood. In the following year, I think, he "threw in" about the heaviest winner on the "Spaniel" Derby. Mr. Greatrex has not been fortunate as an owner of race-horses, although he has had chances of getting money, by having favorites in betting races; as the Trulla colt, Martha, &c., as well as every advantage in good training and riding.

Unquestionably *the* "character" of Tattersall's is "facetious Jemmy," as your lively and correct reporter of the Newmarket meetings styles James Bland, Esq. The experience of this individual would afford some insight into the mystery of the chances of the favourites on the turf and the ring (pugilistic I mean), if written. No doubt he could say with Lord Byron,

> "I do declare, upon an affidavit,
> Romances *I ne'er read* like those I've seen;
> Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
> Would some believe that such a tale had been;
> But such intent *I never had*, nor have it;
> Some truths are better *kept behind* a screen."

After a sporting career of upwards of thirty years, weathering many "untoward" events, we find this gentleman fixed in an elegant residence in Piccadilly, which was built out of part of the proceeds arising from a lucky "hit" in 1825, when Lord Jersey's Middleton won the Derby. Mr. Bland can speak favourably of companionship on the turf. Like his friend Mr. Gully, he has been rather "down on his luck," (his own words) since poor Halliday's death in 1834, when these gents. "threw out;"—their Shillelagh not being strong enough to keep down the Plenipotentiary. Last year he was again served "cruelly" on the Leger, although he did not go down. Amongst his other "comfortable" bets on it, was one of a thousand on Forth's colt, against Mango, which of course he lost.

Amongst the many every-day instances of the difference between winning and *receiving* payment, perhaps the following little anecdote is as pointed as any that can be selected. In the summer of 1827, a betting man, of the Manchester division, by some means, (whether by chance or otherwise is unknown to the writer), became acquainted with the result of the trial in Scott's stable, when Matilda defeated the Colonel and Velocipede; and willing to profit by such knowledge, he backed the mare to win him a large stake on the St. Leger. A salesman in Smithfield, known only as an occasional speculator, was induced to bet the odds to some amount against Matilda with this "Manchester man," and lost, it was reported, above a thousand pounds. Some time after the Leger, the winner wrote to the salesman respecting payment, and received an invitation, in answer, to dine at the salesman's villa, two or three miles out of town. After the dinner and a bottle or two of wine had been discussed, the host asked his visitor to "have a look" at his garden and grounds, which, by the bye, were remarkable for their neatness; and upon the visitor expressing his admiration, the salesman asked him whether he should not be considered a simpleton to give up so much comfort, if he could avoid it, and to part with this property? The answer being of course as the host expected, he finished by observing "that if he paid him two or three humbugging things called 'bets,' on a stupid affair termed a horse-race, he must quit this delightful residence." The guest departed as he went, save and except a good dinner and wine, and never received a shilling of the money.

If we glance at the leading speculators, or, as they are termed in these march of intellect days, "book makers," we shall perceive, with scarcely an exception, that they commenced "life" in a very humble way—that their *real* knowledge of the qualities of a race-horse lies in a very small compass—and that four-fifths of them have hardly any idea of arithmetical calculations at all; in short, take them out of their line of business, and you will find them anything but "knowing" ones. Of late years, say the last eight or ten, the legs of the *old school* have not had a very prosperous time of it; the "safe game," as it is called, being played now by not only gentlemen, but also by noblemen of the first class; and it is even whispered that more than one lady of high rank annually makes a "book" on the Derby.

The play-or-pay races were first set on foot in Sailor's year (1820), previous to which time, the Riddlesworth, the 2,000 gs. and 1,000 gs. stakes at Newmarket, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, and the St. Leger at Doncaster, were, I believe, the only races then considered as p. p. ones. The custom now has become general, not only at the "exchange" at Hyde-park corner, but also at the sporting houses in both town and country. I am by no means prepared to argue the question whether the present system of betting is advantageous to the welfare of the turf or not; but it cannot be denied that it has opened a door for chicanery and fraud to walk in at, as may be clearly seen by the large sums offered for Plenipotentiary and the Queen of Trumps, in their respective years; for no party could afford half the stated sums except to *prevent their winning*. As a check to evils of a similar nature, I have not the slightest doubt if the offering parties were "shown up," as they unquestionably deserve to be, it would put a stop to this species of fraud, and also be the means of making those ready-made-luck gents hide their "diminished heads."*

UNCLE TOBY.

13th January, 1838.

London (New) Sporting Mag. for Feb., 1838.

---

* Whenever we can be certain of such offers having been made with obviously dishonest intentions, we shall fearlessly show up the parties to the scorn and indignation of the sporting world. ED. N. S. M.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

In a late number of this paper we published a suggestion relative to *A Breeders' Purse* in Georgia; since then, we have found the communication annexed in the "Daily Constitutionalist," published at Augusta, Ga.:—

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I see a "*A Breeder*," in the "People's Press," makes a good proposition relative to the establishment of a Breeders' Purse, to be run for at our annual Jockey Club meetings by native bred horses alone. This is the way to ascertain the qualities of our blood stock, and I think it might not be improper, at some future period, however, to add to the weights required by the present Jockey Club rules, for we are running into the English error of breeding only your fly-away runners, without prizing the good old-fashioned, stout, and lasting sort, that can carry their ten stone and upwards—doing their four miles in 8 minutes. These are the kind that are to benefit the country—improving our stock for usefulness, the chief reason for indulging an amusement, which is certainly attended with some evils. Suppose a horseman of the common weight of 150 lbs. mounted on one of your light, but fleet 1 or 2 mile nags, and chased by a cavalry corps on such horses as *Mingo*, or *Berner's Comus*, or *Eclipse*, or old *Bertrand* would give us, out of stout, well-bred mares, how long would he live? This is a high and rare call for the services of our horses,—to escape from pursuing enemies,—but we wish our stock improved for all the purposes of practical usefulness, down to the common and ordinary concerns of life—for the chase, the carriage, the cart, the plough. The hunter would not wish to outrun his dogs for 6 or 8 minutes, and then walk and lead his horse (if he could go at all) during the balance of the exciting contest! Mount him, then, on a charger that has the strength as well as the fleetness to carry him through the day, and make him shout among the *first in* at the death. None but boys, mere boys of 80 to 100 lbs., can ride the *fashionable* breed for the Turf—lads without strength of either body or judgment. They are often unable to control even the weak creatures they are called to ride; who run restive and worry out their strength before they should be called on for its full exertion: and then it is ten to one if their riders' minds are sufficiently matured to discover and seize the critical moment when the fully exerted powers of their horses shall decide the result of the contest. Breed horses that shall carry *men*, whose physical powers can control the unruly, and whose judgments will point to the decisive movement which shall terminate the race in their favor.—How many races are lost for want of such judgment in the youthful riders! I appeal to the experience of every Turfman. But for the carriage, plough, &c., what a difference would our equipages manifest with fine-formed bloods in the harness! None of your short-legged, big-bellied sort, that puff and blow, as they waddle along, some 3 or 4 miles only an hour. No; give us your noble-formed, high-bred, generous-blooded animals, whose spirit and strength, not less than their docility of disposition, shall make it a real pleasure to wheel over our plains like Greek warriors of old. And for our ploughs, &c., why the very mules from blooded mares are worth 50 per cent. more in briskness, strength, and durability, than from your cold-blooded, long, slab-sided mothers of the present day.

But I have departed from my design when I began this article. It was, if possible, to excite a greater emulation on the subject of fine stock among our Breeders, and for that purpose to propose, in addition to "A Breeder's" proposition, *a County contest* for Breeders alone. For instance, let Richmond throw down the gauntlet to Burke, Columbia, or any other county in the State of Georgia, for a series of 1, 2, 3, and 4 mile heats, with high weights, for 2, 3, and 4 years old untried horses of the native stock of their respective counties. By *untried*, I mean those that have not appeared on the Turf in any public race. The details of the contest I leave for others, satisfied with the suggestion of the proposition.

ANOTHER BREEDER.

PEA-SOUP.

Of all the P's in Johnson's Dictionary—
Pe-tard, Pe-ruse, Pe-ruke, Pe-titionary,
Pea-cock, Pe-culiar, Pe-dant, and Penal;
Pe-remptory, Pe-nates, and Pe-tal;
Pe-cuniary, Pe-riph'ry, and Perish;
Pe-rennial, Pe-trescent, and Pe-vish;
The P I most approve of all the group,
Is PEA, the son of Pod, and sire of Soup.
Be't therefore mine to sing, in measured lays,
That soup of soups, Pea-soup's superior praise.
Sage was the pilgrim, fearing to refuse
A walk with peas in both his sandall'd shoes,
Who did far more than other sinners durst,
He put the peas in—but he boiled them first;
Yes, he was wise who thus on priestcraft stole,
And eased at once his body and his *soul:*
Yet wiser he who, scorning so to stoop,
Converted Pe-nance into rich Pea-soup.
Say, reverent genii of the cooking trade,
How may this famous compound best be made?
But, ere the secret thou unfoldest, O, Muse,
Give more attention to your P's and Q's.
The vulgar mode produces pottage merely,
Split peas and water—bacon looking queerly,
Sagacious cooks, however, do not spare
The tender chicken nor the timid hare;
Good beef they add, with celery and thyme,
And sundry healthful condiments to rhyme.
If their due mixture you shall well contrive,
Your toil and trouble cannot fail to thrive,
But first the compound mix with peas a lot,
Then to the fire drag the unwilling pot;
Upon a trivet let it simmer slow,
And keep the bubbling just upon the go:
Stir frequently the heaving mass, to keep
Your peas alive; nor let them idly sleep,
Lest 'gainst the iron walls they rest and stick,
And get bedevilled like a candle-wick.
This would, indeed, be fatal to the name
Of goodly soup and proving shame,
Well boiled the pulpy mass both fine and tender,
Quickly your vegetable adjuncts render,
Next work the whole together well, and strain,
Through sieve of tamis, or of muslin plain:
So may your board be graced with soup delicious,
Making all turtle soups appear of-*fish*-ous.

Fraser's Magazine.

A BRAVE GIRL.

In the State of Illinois no minor can obtain from the county commissioner's courts a license, without first obtaining the consent of his or her parent or guardian, and without such license cannot marry in the State. Young couples frequently fly to the opposite side of the Mississippi, where no license is required.

These "runaway matches," as they are called, are very frequent. A laughable occurrence of that kind happened a few weeks ago, which has made much sport in this region.

A Miss ———, about 17 years of age, who is the heiress to an estate valued at $10,000, lately ran away in company with a bridesmaid and her lover, who was nearly thirty. Her guardian believing the man totally unworthy of her, had refused his consent. When they reached the bank of the Mississippi, the ice was running furiously in the river; but the young lady expecting every moment her guardian would arrive there in pursuit, urged her lover to lose not an instant in pushing the boat from the shore. His courage seemed to have a good deal abated; but he, with the owner of a large skiff, and the bridesmaid, embarked with his intended bride. They had nearly reached the head of an island, about a third of the distance from the opposite shore, when the current became more rapid, and their situation extremely dangerous. The lover, excessively frightened, and forgetful of everybody but HIS OWN DEAR SELF, bawled out in the most piteous accents, "Oh! I shall be drowned!—I shall be drowned!" and bitterly reproached his lady-love as the cause of his probable death. She uttered not a word, but her courage and presence of mind seemed to increase with the peril. A tremendous cake of ice fairly capsized the boat, but it was so large that all got on it, the lover rendering her no assistance. It bore them to the head of the island, and, as good fortune would have it, the chute between it and the Missouri shore was frozen over, and they crossed it without difficulty. They reached a tavern near the river, and, after changing their wet garments and becoming warm at a good fire, the lover hinted to the young lady that it was time now for them to have the knot tied, as the magistrate had arrived for that purpose, and was in the next room. She gave him a most withering look of contempt, and declared she would never unite her destiny with one who was so selfish and cowardly. It was in vain that he attempted by entreaty and argument to change her resolution. She was immoveable, and replied to him with scorn.

A few days afterwards she returned to the house of her guardian, thankful that she had escaped marrying a man whose only object was her fortune.

Her lover returned to this side of the river also; but such showers of ridicule and contempt were bestowed upon him that he found it best to decamp, which he did a few nights ago, leaving behind him a host of unpaid demands.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are to come off at the First Spring Meeting, commencing on Tuesday, 24th April, 1838.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200, Mile heats. To name and close 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

Capt. R. F. Stockton names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace
Also " ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse—Powancey by Alfred.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. Four or more to make a race. *Closed.*

Capt. R. F. Stockton names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey.
Also, ch. f. *Pocahontas*, by Powhattan, out of Blanche by Marshal Duroc.
David Toms names ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot.
Jas. H. Hillings names br. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid.
Also, br. f. by Sussex, out of Mary Robinson.
Jos. H. Vanmater names br. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by Sir Richard.
Also, ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Indiana by Sir Archie.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $50, and $200 added by the Proprietors, Two miles out. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st April.

Capt. R. F. Stockton names ch. c. *Somerset*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.
Wm. Gibbons names bl. c. *Shadow*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.

PURSES.

First Day—Mile heats............ $200 } Free for all ages.
Second Day—Two mile heats..... 300 }
Third Day—Three mile heats.... 500 }

The Four mile race will be deferred until the Second Spring meeting.

[m10-tf.] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

CENTREVILLE (L. I.) TROTTING COURSE.

FIRST DAY—The Sweepstakes for 4 year olds and under, that never won a purse, to come off over this course at one o'clock on Thursday, the 19th April next, closed on the 1st inst. with the following subs. at $50 each, P.P., and $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats.

Jonathan Smith's s. h. *Jack Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Vandeveer's Pacolet mare, 4 yrs.
John Curtis' b. c. *Independence*, by Andrew, dam by Duroc, 4 yrs.
Maj. Wm. Jones' s. f. by Andrew, out of Lady Flirt, 4 yrs.
Henry Kelsey's gr. f. *Eliza Derby*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs.
John McCoun's s. c. *John R.*, by Henry, out of Grasshopper, 4 yrs.
Daniel Abbott's s. c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge, 4 yrs.

SECOND DAY—The Sweepstakes open to all ages, sub. $50 each, P.P., Two mile heats, with $200 added by the Proprietor, to come off at one o'clock on Friday, the 20th inst., closed on the 1st with the following subs.

John Kerr's b. h. *Rienzi*, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney, 5 yrs.
Daniel Abbott's s. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs.
Joel Conklin's s. h. *Ajax*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Sarah by Duroc, 6 yrs.

Centreville, L. I., April 4, 1838. [a7-2t] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE above Races, over the *Oakland Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th day of May next.

First Day—The Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds that never started in a public race, value $100—Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required—it is intended to be given annually to the breeders. The entries must be named the same as if it was a sweepstakes, by the 1st day of May.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st May next. Now 3 subs.

Second Day—The Oakland Plate, consisting of a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, for all ages, Two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or money at his option.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100, Four mile heats.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $25, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The subscriber having recently purchased the *Oakland Race Course*, with the intention of fitting it up in a style inferior to none in America, and having the patronage of a Jockey Club, with rules and regulations, the same as other fashionable courses, new appeals to this City and the State, to determine whether or not they will have a respectable Racing Establishment at a point, of all others, the most eligible for the Kentucky Breeders.

The large amount of money that they now have vested in this sort of property, makes it all important that there should be some ground selected where they can have a good course and larger purses than have heretofore been offered. The South are, and will continue to be our purchasers. This is the place of all others to establish the character of our race horses, and one that is to derive more advantages from a well conducted establishment, than any other. The immense importance to this city in bringing together, twice a year, a large concourse of strangers, thereby causing an expenditure of money amongst us that we otherwise would not have, must be obvious to every one. To the breeder it offers an inducement to improve his stock, because in concentrating here in the Spring and Fall, a great many strangers from other States, it will insure a certain market, at high prices, for their horses.

The track will immediately be altered and improved, with a training course in the inside. The stands will be removed, enlarged, and placed in a position so as to afford the most entire view of the race to several thousand persons.

The Oakland House will be added to, and put on a footing with the best hotels in the country. Every thing shall be done to make this course worthy of Kentucky; and it is now left to her citizens to make it, by their patronage, the first establishment of the sort in the Union.

The Spring Races, from the number of horses in training, and the promise of every stable in the State to a tend, will be of great interest.

Louisville, Ky., March 14, 1838. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

At the Fall meeting, to take place in October next, there are four large Sweepstakes, besides purses, for Four mile heats, $1200—Three mile heats, $600—Two mile heats, Plate, value $500—liberal purses for Mile heats, and Mile heats, best 3 in 5. [a7-tf.]

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE (Va.) SPRING RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, the last day of May next, and continue three days, when the following prizes will be run for:—

1st. A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds, to which there are 12 subs. of $100 each, h. ft. Closed.

2d. Same distance and age, and same entry. To close 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

3d. Same age and distance; sub. $50, ft. $30; confined to Culpeper and the adjoining counties.

4th. A Stake for 4 year old colts raised in Culpeper, and some adjoining counties, One mile and repeat, sub. 50 bushels of wheat, paid this Fall, in some merchant mill, in the month of October next. Three or more to make a race.

5th. Proprietor's Purse $100, with the gate money of that day added, ent. $10; Two mile heats. [a7] WM. DUVAL.

FREEHOLD (N. J.) RACES.

A SPRING MEETING will be held over the Freehold Course, Monmouth Co., N. J., commencing on the 2d Tuesday, 8th of May next, (the week between the meetings on the Union and Beacon Courses), and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, $25 ft. Mile heats.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $50, ft. $25, Mile heats.

Third Day—Purse $100, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

The Sweepstakes will close on the 25th of April. Nominations to be addressed to

Freehold, Monmouth Co., N. J., March 31, 1838.—[m31] B. HENDRICKSON.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) RACES.

THE Races over the Spring Hill Course will commence on Thursday, 7th June, and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 20 subs, viz:—

1. R. M. Davis names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Frank.
2. Joel Emory names produce of Rickety (by Archy) and Columbus.
3. S. Davenport names produce of Polly Nailor and Trumpator.
4. Also, " " a Whip mare and Frank.
5. Wm. Farris names produce of Blaze (dam of Reform) and Medoc.
6. C. H. Talbot names produce of Harriet and Trumpator.
7. Wm. Moberly names produce of a Stockholder mare and Archie of Transport.
8. Thos. M Kennedy names produce of Lady Graystock and Collier.
9. Wm. Stapp names produce of a Bertrand mare and Archie of Transport.
10. John Haddock names produce of a Virginius mare and Waxey.
11. Sidney Kerley names produce of a Pacolet mare and Collier.
12. Davis Thompson names produce of a mare by Imp. Whip, and Columbus.
13. Wm. Bridges names produce of Old Pet mare and Crawford.
14. Wyatt Huffman names produce of a Diomed mare and Columbus.
15. H. W. Farris names produce of a Whip mare and Collier.
16. B. R. Jenkins names produce of a William mare and Medoc.
17. James L. Baadley names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Dungannon.
18. James Shy names produce of Lady Jackson and Collier.
19. A. G. Huffman names produce of Melvina and Archie of Transport.
20. J. W. Tisdale names produce of a Kosciusko mare and Frank.

Second Day—Poststake free for all ages, sub. $50, with a Silver Pitcher, value $100, added by the Citizens; Two mile heats. To close the evening preceding the race.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $25, with the gate money of that day added; Mile heats.

HENRY W. FARRIS, *Proprietor.*

Crab Orchard, Ky., March 17, 1838. [m31-6t]

COLUMBUS (Miss.) SPRING RACES

WILL commence over the Hyde Park Course on the first Monday in May, and continue six days; free for anything that wears hair, they complying with the Rules of the Club.

First Day—Post-stake for 4 year olds, sub. $500, P.P., Two mile heats. To name and close at the starting post. Now one sub.

Second Day—Sweepstake for 3 year olds, sub. $250, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st May.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $30, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, $200 to be given to the second best horse in the race, if more than two start, Four mile heats.

Fifth Day—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $25, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth Day—Silver Cup, valued at $300, ent. $25, Three mile heats.

Gentlemen are informed that the Club has been reorganized, and the Rules of the Henry Course will govern the Spring meeting.

The Proprietor is now making very extensive improvements, for the accommodation of gentlemen with horses, as likewise to render all visitors agreeable. A Tavern will be erected by the time of the meeting, for the accommodation of those who prefer staying at the track. The proprietor will likewise furnish grain as low as it can possibly be afforded: litter and stabling furnished gratis.

The money for the purses will be hung up each day.

All communications to the Proprietor, F. R. GREGORY, will be attended to.

Columbus, Miss., Feb. 25, 1838. [m17-tf.] W. A. VERELL, *Sec'y*

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c.

HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838. [a7]

BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING over the Beacon Course, in New Jersey, opposite the City of New York, will commence the 3d Tuesday in May (15th), thus allowing one week of interval between the Union and the Beacon.

FIRST DAY—*Tuesday.*—A Sweepstakes, sub. $300, ft. $100, privilege to declare forfeit by 1st April, $50, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. William Gibbons names b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.
2. J. H. Vanmater names s. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar.
3. John C. Stevens names ro. f. by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam.
4. H. Wilkes names s c. full brother to Dr. Syntax.

Same Day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, ft. $50, privilege to declare forfeit by 1st April, $25. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. Gibbons names gr. c. *Avalanche*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by First Consul.
2. J. H. Vanmater names s. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe.
3. John C. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names b. c. by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds.
5. Combs & Ellis names ch. c. *Eliptic* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda.
6. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. full brother to Russet.

SECOND DAY—*Wednesday.*—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
THIRD DAY—*Thursday.*—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
FOURTH DAY—*Friday.*—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.
C. S. BROWNING.

[m3-tf.]

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING, over the Union Course, will take place as usual the first Tuesday in May.

FIRST DAY—*Tuesday.*

The Great Sweepstakes of Forty Four Subscribers at $1000 each, ft. $250, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora by Eclipse.
2. Do. " " Jemima by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson " " Medoc's dam by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens " " Janette by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes " " Betsey Richards by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens " " Celeste by Eclipse.
7. S Gouverneur " " Polly Jones by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton " " Miss Mattie by Eclipse.
9. Do. " " Charlotte Pace by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson " " Reality by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig " " Bonnets of Blue by Eclipse.
12. Do. " " Kate Kearney by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold " " Arietta by Eclipse, or Medley.
14. John Heth " " Screamer by Luzborough.
15. Do " " Annette by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn " " Flirtilla by Luzborough.
17. Do. " " Isabella by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts " " Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge " " dam of Mazeppa by May Day.
20. Ro. Randolph " " Minge's Bluster Mare by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson " " dam of Charles Kemble by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman " " dam of Trifle by Andrew.
23. J. M Botts " " dam of Rosalie Somers by Gohanna.
24. Do. " " dam of Rolla by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson " " Bedford mare by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor " " Blank by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens " " Romp by Henry.
28. Jas. S. Garrison " " Lady Lagrange by Luzborough.
29. Do. " " Sally Hope by Sarpedon.
30. Do. " " dam of Zinganee by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm Jones " " Dove by Imp. Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden " " dam of Bachelor by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade " " Green's Filho mare by Eclipse.
34. Jamuel Laird " " Farmer's Damsel by Henry.
35. Do. " " Lady Hamlet by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens " " Goliah's dam by Eclipse.
37. Do. " " Lady Jackson by Henry.
38. John C. Craig " " Betsey Archer by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver " " Patsey Calbert by Mons. Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes " " Saluda by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens " " Lalla Rookh by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedeker " " Grasshopper by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens " " English mare Isabel by Eclipse.
41. D W Jones " " Princess by Eclipse.

Same Day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Vanseclen names produce of Rotten Apples by Simon.
2. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette by Eclipse.
3. Robert L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom by Eclipse.
4. Also " " Meg Dodds by Eclipse.

SECOND DAY—*Wednesday.*—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
THIRD DAY—*Thursday.*—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Sweepstakes, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar by Eclipse.
2. Also " " Oscar mare by Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam by Eclipse.
4. Also " " Janette by Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. *Cricket*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima by Eclipse.
7. Also " " Medora by Eclipse.
8. John Vansiclen names produce of Lady Richmond by Eclipse.
9. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey by Monmouth Eclipse.
10. Also " " Blanch by Powhattan.
11. Robt. L Stevens names produce of Celeste by Eclipse.
12. Also " " Polly Hopkins by Eclipse.
13. Wm. Gibbons names b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.

FOURTH DAY—*Friday.*—Purse $1000, Four mile heals.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

[m3 tf.]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off the First week in May, and to close on Saturday, 14th April.

1. A Sweepstakes, free for all Trotting Horses sub. $100, h. ft., with $100 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle; 3 or more to make a race.

2. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, in Harness; three or more to make a race.

3. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle; three or more to make a race.

4. A Sweepstakes for *three* year old *Trotting* Horses; sub. $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor; Two mile heats, under the Saddle—carrying catch weights. Three or more to make a race.

The sums added to the above Stakes by the proprietor, will not be paid unless more than one horse starts.

The regular Spring meeting will commence about the middle of May. The amount of purses, distances, &c., will be given in a future number of the Spirit of the Times.

The above Stakes will close at nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 14th of April next. Nominations to be made in writing and deposited at Randal Smith's Hotel, Park Row, New York, 2d door above the Park Theatre. Description, color, and name of the horse to be stated and enclosed in the nomination.

Centreville Course, L. I., March 22, 1838.—[m24-t14a] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will take place over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May. The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course, spring of 1838.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heats. Closed 1st March, with the following subs.

1. R. N. Snowden names b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, out of Roseville by Rattler.
2. Edm. Townes names ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke.
3. Jas. S. Garrison names f. by Ivanhoe, out of the dam of Sally Ramsey.
4. James M. Selden names ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Red Rat.
5. William Wynn names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla.
6. David Toms names b. f. by Medley, out of Imp Invalid.
7. Nathaniel T. Green names br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 20th April.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring 1837, to run spring 1840; Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; to close 1st June next. Now 9 subs. and many others promised, which will make this a very interesting race.

Hector Bell, of Virginia.
George L. Stockett, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.
James B. Kendall, of Maryland.
John L. Baltzer, of Washington city
Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia.
Charles Green, of New York.
John Heth, of Virginia.
Thos. Emory, of Maryland.

The following stakes is also proposed by particular desire of a number of friends to the turf, as likely to be a very interesting stake.

A sweepstakes for 4 year olds, to run spring meeting, 1838, Two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 or more to make a race, to name and close 1st April.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

As the result of the last fall races has clearly demonstrated that the Maryland stock of horses is equal to any other—none of the purses will be confined to Maryland bred horses, but free for all, unless positively objected to by the Club.

[J13] JAMES B. KENDALL. *Proprietor of the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.*

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

PLAQUEMINE (La.) SPRING RACES.

THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Plaquemine, La., Course, will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 18th April, 1838.

First Day—J. C. Purse $200, ent. $20; free for horses foaled and raised in the State of Louisiana, or which have been brought into the State within the age of eighteen months. Mile heats.

Second Day—J. C. Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.
Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $30, Two mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $800, ent. $80, Four mile heats.

The Purses for the second, third, and fourth days, are open to the Uuiten States.

The following SWEEPSTAKES will also be run for:

1. On the Wednesday previous to the first day of the Spring meeting, 1838, A Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, sub. $50, h. ft., Mile heats; 12 subs. and closed

2. *Same Day*, Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 8 subs. and closed.

3. On the *Saturday* preceding the first day of the Spring meeting, 1838, a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats; 6 subs. and closed.

4. On the *Monday* preceding the first day of the Spring meeting, 1838, a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race.

Col. A. L. Bingaman names ——.
Fergus Duplantier names Wren, full sister to Linnet.

Mr. Beasley is already at Plaquemine, with a well appointed stable, and the meeting having been so arranged as to follow, at a proper time, the races at New Orleans, and to precede those at St. Francisville, the lovers of good sport may confidently expect the elite of the country. [F24-tf.] FRED. H. DAVIS, *Secretary.*

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Spring Races over the Henry Course, will take place on the Second Tuesday of May next, when the following purses will be run for.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close by 1st May next.

W. A. Verell,
J. R. Blocker,
A. Webster,
H. A. Tayloe.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

Miles A. Bott,
H. A. Tayloe.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fifth Day—Post stake for 4 year old colts and fillies, sub. $500, P. P., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. Now one sub.
Same Day—Post stake for all ages, weight for age, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.

The following Stakes are to be run Fall of 1838:—

Post-stake to be run over the Henry Course on the last day of the Fall meeting, 1838, for 4 year old colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Four or more to make a race.

Henry A. Tayloe.
John R. Head.

Sweepstake to be run over the Henry Course on the first day of the Fall meeting, 1838, for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st July, 1838 Three or more to make a race.

Greensborough, Feb. 27, 1838. TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are to come off over the Camden and Philadelphia Course, at the Regular Spring meetings.

A Sweepstakes, Spring, 1838, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $300, ft. $100, to close 1st March. Now 7 subs.

Sweepstakes, Spring, 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $500, ft. $200. To close 1st. Jan. 1839. Now 2 subs.

Sweepstakes, Spring, 1840, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $500, ft. $200. To close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring 1838, sub. $500, ft. $200

The Spring meeting over this Course will take place the 4th Tuesday in May, particulars of which will be given hereafter. W. N. FRIEND.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 7, 1838. [F17-tf.]

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE.

THIS real thorough-bred horse will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, eight miles below the Court House, and one from the Academy, at $40 for insuring thorough-bred mares, and $1 to the groom—the money to be paid by the 1st March, 1838.

Monmouth Eclipse is full 15 hands 3 inches high, free from white, with as much bone, muscle, powers and proportion as any blood horse in the State; and by his following pedigree, it will appear that he inherits the most valuable crosses of blood, to combine great strength with speed and bottom.

His sire was the unrivalled horse American Eclipse, by Duroc, a son of the imported sorrel Diomed (the sire also of Sir Archie), out of Amanda by Grey Diomed, out of the Cade mare by King Herod—Primrose by Dove—Stella by Othello—Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

The dam of American Eclipse was Miller's Damsel (the celebrated Turf mare, that beat the Maid of the Oaks, Hampton, &c.) by Old Messenger, out of the imported Pot-8-o's mare, owned by Gen. Coles, and own sister to Bright Phœbus, Romp, Hopper Boy, &c.

The dam of Monmouth Eclipse was the noted Turf Mare Old Honesty, and full sister to Prize Fighter; she was bred by Mr. Stephen Hunt, of Hunterdon, New Jersey. She has run successfully from half a mile to four miles, and has distinguished herself on the turf, both North and South. She was sired by Imp. Expedition, he by Pegasus, and Pegasus by the old English Eclipse.

The grandam of Monmouth Eclipse was Zelipha, and got by Imp. Messenger, g. g. dam, Dido, by Gen. Morris' Imp. Bay Richmond—Dido was the dam of Pollydore, Grasshopper, and other good racers—g. g. g. dam Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Second, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Sterling, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Old Partner, &c. &c.

Monmouth Eclipse has stood for mares every season since he was three years old; and of course has been very little upon the Turf. He was taken from his stand in the year 1831, after the season was out, and run only one race, and that at New Brunswick—the three mile heats, in bad order—beating John Brewer, Humming Bird, Leopold, and Amanda—which race was won by Warrior. In the Spring of 1832 he made his second race, at Monmouth Court House, the two mile heats, and won, beating Gen. Erwin's gr. h. Laurel, by Windflower, and Dr. Darcey's f. Lady Relief, by American Eclipse—both of the last named horses beat Warrior the Fall before at Trenton. In the Spring of 1834 he was started at Trenton, N. J., the three mile heats, against Henry Archie, John Stevens, and Tell Tale. One of his legs being injured, he was to go for the first heat—the rider, from having been reduced, was taken unwell directly after the horses started, and was compelled to keep him back, so much so, that he was thought to be considerably out of his three mile distances before he had run two miles; the rider finally recovered and got in his distance. The 2d heat he again started, although his injured limb gave way more than half a mile before the heat was out—he won the heat, which was the quickest heat of the race—and was then drawn. JOSEPH H. VAN MATER.

Monmouth County, N. J., March 29, 1838. [a7—4t]

THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

Philip is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from splint, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant, Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John, and Christiana); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Dennis, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Bradamante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoka, her dam by Old Traveller, (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c., and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

ECLIPSE.

IT is with pleasure I can inform my friends that AMERICAN ECLIPSE is in fine health and condition, and will stand the ensuing season at my stable, in Woodford County, Kentucky, at one hundred dollars. The season will commence on the 10th day of the present month, and end on the first day of July next. I have safe and extensive pastures, and separate lots for mares from a distance to foal in, gratis, and to be fed with grain on reasonable terms. Great care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility will be under taken should any happen.

Those who may wish to breed to Eclipse will do well to make early engagements, as he is limited to sixty mares; and, in all probability, this will be his last season in this State.

Servants sent with mares boarded gratis. E. M. BLACKBURN.

Kentucky, Feb. 1, 1838. [F17—tf.]

SHARK.

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the unrivalled and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50 000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia. at $60 and $100 under the management of Col. THOMAS P. RICHARDSON and Maj. R. I. GAINES. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to desert the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15,000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black, Particulars hereafter. [mar. 3-tf.]

FRANCIS MARION,

WINNER of the great Sweepstake and Post-stake, Three and Four mile heats, at Tallahassee, will stand at Marianna, the present season, which has already commenced, at $50, payable on the 1st December next. All thorough bred mares, at this time owned in the Territory, will be served gratis. Francis Marion was sired by Marion; his dam was Malvina, by Old Sir Archy. For further particulars of performance and pedigree, see hand-bills, Spirit of the Times, and American Turf Register. [m40-3m] J. J. PITTMAN.

HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough-bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under our charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superior—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.

La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15½ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf. JOHN MORRISON.

FOR SALE,

TWO PUPS, three months old, of the Sheppard, New Foundland, and St. Bernard breed. They are very large. Enquire at this office. [a7-1t.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 2½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse.* He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats. he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8 o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs., in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over. and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season. and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. The season to commence on the 1st of February, and continue till the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer. his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy. (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chiffney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst. Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf.]

EMANCIPATION.

THIS celebrated English Racer and splendid Stallion will occupy Rowton's Stand, at Col. W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, under the direction of Mr. Wm. J. Geiger, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and $1 to the groom; the money to be paid in advance. The season will commence on the 1st of Feb. and end the 1st. of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Emancipation, so named under the great excitement about the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, was bred by Mr. Riddle, and was foaled in 1827. He was got by Whisker (own brother to Whalebone, &c.) sire of The Colonel and Memnon, winners of the St. Leger. His dam was got by Ardrossan; one of the best sons of the famous John Bull; his grandam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth; his g. g. dam XYZ's dam, by Spadile, out of Sylvia by Young Marske, &c. By reference to the 7th vol. page 101 of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, his extended pedigree may be seen, as also his performances on the turf, which latter are but little inferior to any horse ever imported into this country. He is a beautiful bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 16 hands high, of great length, and commanding figure. His bone is large, with muscles well defined; his action good, and accompanied by indications of uncommon power. His stock are considered very promising; his oldest were two years old last Spring; of these, some few were trained last season. and two of them have been winners—Angela, who won the Chillington Stakes, August 5th, beating a field of five others, at Wolverhampton; and Compensation, winner of a stake at Hednesford, October 31st, beating three others.

For black servants sent with mares no charge will be made: having no accommodations for white persons on the spot, they must board elsewhere. [F24-tf.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - -	Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - -	Kendall Course, Annual Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
" "	Central Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
BELFIELD, Va. - - - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
BROAD ROCK, Va. - - -	Tree Hill Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - -	Trotting Course, *Racing* Sweepstakes, 3d Thursday, 19th April.
" "	" " Trotting Sweepstakes, 1st week in May.
" "	Annual Trotting Club meeting, about the middle of May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, J. C. meeting, 1st Thursday, 7th June.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Thursday, last day of May.
CANTON, Miss. - - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting. 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - -	Western Course, extra Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
FAIRFIELD, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st May.
FREDERICKSBURGH, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
FREEHOLD, N. J. - - -	A Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
GREENSBOROUGH, Ala.	Henry Course, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
HUNTING PARK, Pa. -	Philadelphia County, Trotting Match, $5000 a side, h. ft., 3 mile heats in harness, or under the saddle, *Daniel D. Tompkins*, vs. *Edwin Forrest*; Monday, 21st May.
LEWISVILLE, Ohio. - -	Spring meeting, last Wednesday. 25th April.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d May.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
NEW YORK CITY. - - -	Union Course, L. I., First J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
" " "	Beacon Course, N. J. First Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
NEWMARKET, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th April.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
" " "	Louisiana Course, *Trotting* races, Friday, 27th April.
NEWBERN, N. C. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Thursday, 19th April.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st May.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., *Picton* vs. *Sarah Bladen*, 4th Wed. May 23.
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - -	Bellefonte Course. Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th May.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - -	And Camden, N. J. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th April.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La.	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d May.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TERRE HAUTE, Ind. - -	Central Turf Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, First Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	National Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st May.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, *Fanny Wyatt* vs. *Decatur*, 1st Tuesday, 1st May.
WARRENTON, N. C. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

---

The following excellent verses have been handed to us by the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, who received them from a contributor, for insertion in the pages of his work; but as the April number is ready for publication, and the fair object addresed will be far away from her native land before the appearance of the ensuing number, he has requested us to give them immediate publicity.

Philadelphia Daily Enquirer.

A LA PETITE AUGUSTA.

What art thou of that fairy form, that bright and laughing eye,
Like stars that glitter through the storm, or sunbeams in the sky?
Perchance a fancied elf art thou, of some bright mid day's dream:
Now fluttering near the mountain's brow, now dancing on the stream.
Or she, the fallen Pleiad, restored, long lost to eyes below,
So madly and so long adored, by mortals ne'er to know?
Nay! none of these! and yet as bright, aye, brighter still than they
That glitter in the darkest night, or sparkle in the day.

Where is thy home? what happier clime gave birth, fair being, to thee?
Of care, of sorrow, and of crime, untouched, and ever free.
Aye! one of an eternal day, where time was never known
To leave that record on his way; which makes the world his own.
One of that bright and tearless band, first dwellers in the sky;
The glory of the Maker's hand; the diamond of His eye!
Why com'st thou is a shape so fair? I ken not what thou art.
I know we are but earth and air—but human still in heart.
And though I'd have thee not as I, yet fairer than my kind,
While no less pleasing to the eye, less wondrous to the mind.
For thou, with all thy charms, alone must wander here below,
We may but worship—never own—may see—but never know.
I cannot free me from the chain of this our earthly clime,
Yet thou may'st fall, and still remain above its care and crime,
As on myself I'd look on thee, as one that must decay,
A thing that cannot ever be, yet never pass away.

Fair Sylphide! ne'er let Donald's truth to thee, prove Jessie's wrong;
The charm must pass away with youth—love is not ever strong.
Though wayward, was the fault his own that guided to despair?
Sure Jessie had been loved alone, had'st THOU ne'er templed there!
And since his broken vow secured a balm for Christie's breast—
The grief they all alike endured, alike should leave them blest.

Fly on! Queen of the mystic Dance! Why linger here alone?
Thy train on golden wings advance to bear thee to thy throne!
Look not so lovely—not so fair—oh, turn away those eyes—
A fatal curse is lurking there—a curse that never dies!
Yet I, ere many hours I trace upon the scroll of time,
Shall look more happ'ly on thy face,—but in another clime.
For thou art but an airy sprite, once chain'd as I am now;
And when within the realms of light, I'll look as bright as thou!

Philadelphia, March 26, 1838. R. D.

A RIPROARIOUS FIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—One day as I was sitting on the starn of my broad horn, the old Free and Easy, on the Mississippi, taking a horn of midshipman's grog, with a tin pot in each hand, first a draught of whiskey, and then one of river water, who should float down past me but Joe Snag; he was in a snooze as fast as a church, with his mouth wide open; he had been ramsquaddled with whiskey for a fortnight, and as it evaporated from his body it looked like steam from a vent pipe. Knowing the feller would be hard to wake, with all his steam on, as he floated past me I hit him a crack over the knob with my big steering oar. He waked in a thundering rage. Says he, hallo stranger, who asked you to kill off my live stock? Said I, shut up your mouth, or your teeth will get sunburnt. Upon this he crooked up his neck and neighed like a stallion. I clapped my arms, and crowed like a cock. Says he, if you are a game chicken, I'll pick the pin feathers off of you. For some time past I had been so wolfy about the head and shoulders, that I was obliged to keep kivered up in a salt crib to keep from spiling, for I had not had a fight for as much as ten days. Says I, give us none of your chin music, but set your kickers on land, and I'll give you a severe licking. The fellow now jumped ashore, and he was so tall that he could'nt tell when his feet were cold. He jumped a rod. Says he, take care how I lite on you, and he gave me a real stopdologer, that made my liver and lites turn to jelly. But he found me a real scrouger.—Broke three of his ribs, and he knocked out five of my teeth and one eye. He was the severest colt that I ever tried to break. I finally got a bite hold of his posteriors that he couldn't shake off. We were now parted by some boatmen, and we were both so exorsted, that it was more than a month before either of us could have a fight. It seemed to me a little eternity. And although I didn't come out second best, I took care not to wake up a ring-tailed roarer with an oar again.

ABDUCTION.—An express arrived in the city this morning from Erie, Pa., bringing intelligence of a most extraordinary outrage committed at that place on the night of the 5th inst. The particulars, as stated in a handbill, published in relation to the affair, are as follows:—

As Miss Hamot, daughter of P. S. V. Hamot, Esq., of that place, was returning from a party, in company with a young man of Mr. H.'s family, about 11 o'clock at night, they were assaulted on the side-walk by Robert C. Bristol, Captain of the steamboat James Madison, and four other persons; the young man was forcibly secured, while Miss Hamot, amid screams for aid, was forced into a hack close at hand, with the loss of her bonnet and other articles of clothing, and then driven down to the harbor, where she was put on board the Madison. That boat appears to have been in readiness for the purpose, with the steam up, and forthwith pushed out into the lake, with lights extinguished Chase was immediately given in the U. S. Revenue Cutter, and the steamboat Thomas Jefferson was got under way as speedily as possible; but for the darkness, it was impossible to discover the course taken by the fugitive boat.

The Madison was not fully in a condition for sea, having only part of her buckets in, and but little wood on board. Hence Bristol is supposed to have pushed across the lake for Canada.

The affair seems to have made quite a stir at Erie, and from the respectability of the parties, and the novelty of using a steamboat of 700 tons on such an enterprise, together with the attendant circumstances, have caused it to excite some little sensation here.

We can hardly credit the fact that Capt. B. would have pursued such a suicidal course as this, and incline somewhat to the opinion that it may turn out a mere Gretna Green business after all. Buffalo Daily Advertiser.

Pedestrian Challenge.—Gillet, the well-known pedestrian, is open for the one or the other of two matches. He can accommodate a gentleman, known by the "soubriquet" of the "Flying Potman," with any thing from 10 to 14 miles. He can exhibit his skill against Mountjoy, the pedestrian, from 10 miles to 30. Neeves, of the Horse and Groom, King-street, Long-acre, is the backer of Gillet.

ROYAL PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—It has but recently been discovered that England's young Queen has remarkably small feet, and a novel project is whispered behind the curtain; a pair of velvet slippers of the most exquisite workmanship has been manufactured for the Queen, which are to be worn for the first time in a new version of Cinderella, in which Victoria will take a prominent character at a private theatrical to be got up at the palace. There is considerable anxiety manifested in the upper circles to know how this will terminate. Boston Post.

English Refinement.—It seems, notwithstanding all that has been asserted to the contrary, we are more refined than the English, although English Tourists would persuade us that we are far in advance of them in that regard, notwithstanding youth and inexperience. As an evidence, we find it related in a late London paper, that the "*Animals' Friend Society*" has at last succeeded in putting a stop to an intolerable nuisance which has existed for years, of a fellow balancing a ladder on his chin, with a very diminutive half starved young ass tied upon the latter, which occasionally fell down. One of the society's officers took him, with three of his companions, into custody, and produced them, with their dresses and accoutrements, before a magistrate. They said they had bought the ass of a man who got his living by selling donkeys to young surgeons to perform experiments on alive, such as *breaking their legs to set them again!* The magistrate consented to discharge them on their giving up the ass, which they did, and it was sent to the green yard, where it was purchased by a respectable man for *one shilling and six pence.* The society also caused several other convictions.

RAT MATCH—$150 A-SIDE!

THE backers of CRACK are willing to add One Hundred Dollars to the match now undecided, on the condition that each party furnish an equal proportion of rats. The party failing to produce the rats on the day (to be hereafter named), to forfeit. Should *Major* not accept this, the fair conclusion is, that he is afraid to come against Crack.

New York, April 13, 1838. [a14–1t.]

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt. and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Application to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring Meeting, over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, 24th April, 1838.

First Day, at 1 o'clock—Purse $200, Mile heats.

Second Day, at 1 o'clock—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. Four or more to make a race. *Closed.*

Capt. R. F. Stockton names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey.
Also, ch. f. *Pocahontas*, by Powhattan, out of Blanche by Marshal Duroc.
David Toms names ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot.
Jas. H. Hellings names br. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid.
Also, br. f. by Sussex, out of Mary Robinson.
Jos. H. Vanmater names br. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by Sir Richard.
Also. ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse. out of Indiana by Sir Archie.

Same Day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third Day, at 1 o'clock—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

☞ In consequence of the backwardness of the season, and the extreme early date at which the races take place, the Four mile race is deferred until the Second Spring meeting, which will take place early in June.

Entries for all purses, except that of the first day, must be made at the Pavilion, on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P.M., specifying the name, pedigree and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider. Entrance five per cent.

A list of the entries will be published in the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, Pennsylvanian, and Public Ledger, on the morning of each race.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber.

Trenton, N. J. April, 1838. [a14] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

KENDALL COURSE, Md.

THE SWEEPSTAKES opened for 4 year olds, to come off at the Spring meeting of 1838, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats, closed on the 1st inst. with the following subscribers:—

1. George Goodwyn, of Va., names b. f. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards.
2. Edmund Townes, of N. C., names ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Gohanna.
3. Edmund Marshall, of N. J., names *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel by Eclipse.
4. Nathaniel T. Grain, of N. C., names *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Washington.
5. James B. Kendall, of Md., names b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam, by Eclipse [a14]

MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to come off over the above Course Spring of 1838.

1. A Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st May.

2. A Stake for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To close the day preceding the first day's race, 3 or more to make a race.

Address [a14–3t.] ISAAC H. OLIVER, Fredericksburg, Va.

FREEHOLD (N. J.) RACES.

A SPRING MEETING will be held over the Freehold Course, Monmouth Co., N. J., commencing on the 2d Tuesday, 8th of May next, (the week between the meetings on the Union and Beacon Courses), and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, $25 ft Mile heats.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $50, ft. $25, Mile heats.

Third Day—Purse $100, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Same Day—To add to the attraction of the meeting on the afternoon of this day, Fifty Bushels of Oats will be given as a purse for *Trotting Horses*, Mile heats; three or more to make a race.

The Sweepstakes will close on the 25th of April. Nominations to be addressed to Freehold, Monmouth Co., N. J., March 31, 1838.—[a14] B. HENDRICKSON.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS splendid racer and approved Stallion will make his present season in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa. Charles Kemble was got by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam, by Gallatin—thus combining the most fashionable strains of blood in the country. Last year he proved a very sure foal getter, and his colts exhibit great promise. The dam of *Trifle* and *Malinda* are both in foal to him—the very strongest evidence of the estimation in which he is held by distinguished breeders. [a7–6t.]

TO THE PUBLIC,

AND OWNERS OF STALLIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.—We have recently observed that in the advertisement of the Imported Horse Shakspeare, his owners have placed him in comparison with Leviathan. We do not in the least object to this, but as they commenced it, we must insist on the game being played out. And without saying a word against any other person's horse, we claim the right of doing justice to our own. In giving the performance of Shakspeare, in the race in which he was beaten by Leviathan, is only alluded to obscurely in this line, "*The above are all his races except one, when he was beaten by a fresh horse.*" Now the Racing Calendar contains as full an account of that as any other race which they have published. And we presume there is no more impropriety in our supplying it, than in their omitting it. Here it is:—

Warwick, Sept. 7—A sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 8lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. One mile. Ten subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Leviathan........................ Arthur. 1
Mr. West's b. c. Shakspeare.. 2
Mr Beardsworth's br. c. Chesterfield.......................... 3

And as to his being beat by a fresh horse. it was Leviathan's seventh race, and Shakspeare's fifth race that season.

Again, the Racing Calendar reports the Derby thus:—

Lord Egremont's b. c. Lap Dog, by Whalebone, dam by Canopy.............. 1
(instead of "b. c. brother to Twatty," as stated in the advertisement of Shakspeare.)
Mr. West's b. c. Shakspeare, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens. 2

Now, as they profess to extract from the Racing Calendar, in the name of all that's *fair* let it be done correctly. Lap Dog beat him for the Derby, and he afterwards beat Lap Dog a shorter and less trying race, and for a less important stake.

St. Giles having beaten Margrave, and Lap Dog having beaten Shakspeare, has caused the gentlemen who own them to show wonderful ingenuity in proving that they were mistaken, but until they publish an amended edition of the Racing Calendar, we must contend for the old reading

This is enough, perhaps, on this subject.

We now beg leave to propose to the owners of Stallions in the United States, and all others interested, an equitable and fair mode of recommending their horses and the get of them, to the Public. As their value depends on their racing qualities, and they expect patronage for that purpose and to that end, we propose TWO STALLION STAKES for horses that stand this Spring—one for TRIED, and one for UNTRIED STALLIONS. Entrance for each race the amount of ten seasons of the horse entered, Play or Pay—each stake to be for four races, as follows: in the Spring of 1842, Mile heats—in the Fall, Two mile heats—in the Spring of 1843, Three mile heats—in the Fall, Four mile heats. The race to come off on the Monday of the race week at Nashville Track. Notes with good security to be deposited at the time of entry, with the President of the Nashville Jockey Club, for the entrance money—five entries to make a race, and to close by the 1st of July.

This Stake will prove an inducement to breeders to patronize the Stallions entered in it, as it will ensure the testing of the racing capabilities of the get, and thus prove advantageous to all concerned. At least it will show the confidence that owners have in the horses they recommend to the public. JAMES JACKSON & CO.

Nashville, March 28, 1838. [a7–3t]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

SALLY HOPKINS, bay mare. 15 hands high, lengthy and good looking; 14 years old this Spring, and is now stinted to Hedgeford. Got by Kosciusko (sire of Clara Fisher), dam by Imp. Bedford, grandam the celebrated Desdemona; she by Imp. Dare Devil, out of Lady Bolingbroke. For pedigree and performances of which see Turf Register. Price $500.

MEDORA, out of the above, by Crusader, stinted to Humphrey Clinker, by Bertrand, 5 years old, 15 hands and upwards high, not handsome, and was slightly injured in her foaling last Spring, but warranted a breeder, and now in foal. Price $600.

Both the above are now with Imp. Tranby, near Lexington, Ky.

Apply to the Editor, or to Hon. JOHN WHITE, Richmond, Ky. [a7–eow3t.]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE following horses were shipped for New Orleans on Monday last, the 26th instant, per the ship *Orleans*, and will be sold in that city during the ensuing Jockey Club meeting. Application may be made in New Orleans to Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER. For further particulars of the sale see advertisements in the daily papers of that city.

Masaniello, foaled 1829, a chesnut, about 15 hands 1½ inches high; got by Eclipse, out of Cinderella by Duroc, grandam the celebrated Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Eagle. For his performances, which do him great credit, see Am. Turf Register of 1832-3 and 4.

Hamilton Moore, foaled 1830, a chesnut, about 15½ hands high; got by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, and of course own brother to Mark, and Tom Moore, now running with great success. Hamilton was never trained, having met with an accident in his yearling form.

Marmaduke, foaled 1833, a brown, about 15½ hands high; got by Henry, out of Meg Dodds; own sister to Isabella, the dam of Picton, Anvil, Drone, and other flyers. Marmaduke is perfectly sound, and might be trained to advantage.

Mortimer, foaled 1833, a chesnut, 15 hands and an inch high; got by Monmouth Eclipse, his dam by Ogle's Oscar. Mortimer won all his races at 3 years old; for subsequent performances see Spirit of the Times and Turf Register. He is perfectly sound, and may be trained to advantage.

Ellen Tree, foaled 1834, a bay, by Henry, out of the celebrated Betsey Ransom Ellen has started but once, and is now without a blemish, and in proper condition to be trained.

Jessica, foaled 1835, a bay, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom, as above.

The terms of sale will be liberal. ROBERT L. STEVENS, 35 Barclay-St.

New York, March 31, 1838. [m31]

FOXES WANTED.

A Liberal price will be paid at This Office, 157 Broadway, for three pair of full grown red FOXES, male and female. They are wanted to propagate the breed in a hunting district at the South, in which they will be turned loose. No certificate of their "pedigree or performances" will be required, but tame or lame *varmint* need not apply. For staunch, lusty, full grown fellows, "of the right sort," caught wild, a very liberal price will be given.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Spring meeting, 1838, of the National Jockey Club, will commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days.

First Day—Match for $10,000 a-side, Four mile heats, between
O. P. Hare & Co.'s ch. m. Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, and
Col. John Heth's ch. h. Decatur, by Henry, out of Ostrich.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. Closed with 8 subs., viz:—

1. Edmund Townes (not named).
2. G. L. Stockett names produce of the dam of Cippus, by Sussex.
3. Col. J. M. Selden (not named).
4. Col Wm. Wynn (not named).
5. Jas. S. Garrison names br. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Gabriella by Archer.
6. William R. Johnson (not named).
7. Col. Stonestreet's entry mislaid.
8. Arthur Taylor names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough—Lady Washington by Eclipse.

Second Day—Produce Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 11 subs. viz:—

1. W. H. Tayloe names produce of Aurora and Imp. Autocrat.
2. B. O. Tayloe names produce of Black Sal and Imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver names produce of a s. m. (by Florizel) and O'Kelly.
4. Edw. Hamilton names produce of Ninon and Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Sussex.
6. J. H. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Tychicus.
7. W. J. Shelton names produce of Lady Badger (by Hickory) and Tonson.
8. J. W. Debrell names produce of Imp. Isabella (by Comus) and Imp. Barefoot.
9. J M. Botts names produce of Full Sister to Tobacconist.
10. A. Hunter names produce of The Captain's dam and Gohanna.
11. A. Tyson names produce of a ch. m. (by Eclipse) and Imp. Luzborough.

Same Day—National Jockey Club Plate, value $500, entrance money depending on the number of subs. Two mile heats.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Stables and straw furnished gratis. The Proprietor will be necessarily absent from Washington until within a few days of the races, but has authorised his agent and friends to have the course put in proper order, which he has no doubt will be as well done as if he were present. [m31] JAMES S. GARRISON, *Proprietor.*

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

ALEXANDER, by Pacolet, out of Jenny Ribond by Doublehead—at Dr. John D. Winston & Co.'s stable, Columbia, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 the season.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, and $75 to insure.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant—at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., at $50.

BRAVO, by Waxey, dam by Imp. Buzzard—at Birch & Shirley's stable, Elizabethtown, Ky. at $25, and $30 to insure.

BERTRAND Jr., will stand the present season at H. Dalby's stable, Augusta Ga., at $60 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison—at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin—in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa.

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima—at the stable of Jas. Bathgate, Esq., in the village of West Farms, 12 miles from the City of New York, at $40—$60 to insure.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. G.

FRANCIS MARION, by Marion, out of Malvina by Old Sir Archy—at the stable of James J. Pittman, Marianna, Florida, at $50, payable 1st Dec. next.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford by Imp. Bedford—at Jilson Yates & Co.'s stable, Shelbyville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

GOVERNOR BURTON, by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton—at Rutherfordton and Morganton, N. C., at $20, and $30 to insure.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

HIAZIM, by Sir Archie, out of Jenny (the dam of Polly Hopkins) by Imp. Archduke—at John Scott's stable, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., Ky.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JACKSON, by John Richards, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., at $20 for half-blood, and $30 for blood mares; $50 to insure.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth County, N. J., at $40 to insure.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop by Duroc—at Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky., at $30

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, will stand at Thomas A. Pankey's stable, at Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., at $100 the season—$1 to groom

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc—at the stable of James Holmes, Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under the care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

RATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—at Charlotte Courthouse, Va., at $60 and $100.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

SENATOR, by Bertrand, out of Princess by Pacolet—at the stable of Dr. J. D. Winston & Lewis Sherley, Burksville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

STAFFORD, *Imported*, by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam by Sir Peter—at the Plantation of J. Wright, near Cheraw, S. C.—[*]

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttlemore—at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50 and $100.

STOCKHOLDER, by Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen—at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Ky. at $50—$75 to insure—$1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Est. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford—at the farm of John Cunningham, Bourbon County, Ky., at $50.

ZINGANEE, (Garrison's), by Sir Archy, out of Atalanta by Imp. Chance—at Dr. J. C. Gibson's farm, near Culpeper Court House, Va.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance. $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance. 2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, . . . 1 00
Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.